THE TWO BLIND MEN

BY T. A. DALY

GOOD avenin' to ye, Father, will ye be to bide a minyit?
'Tis a week o' weeks since ye was here before.
There's manny feet goes up the sthreet, an' once yer own was in it—
Last night I heard yer footsthep pass me door.
Och! musha, Father, who am I to stop a soggarth passin' by
To wan that needs him more?

Aye! "Conor o' the Brooms." I know; he bragged of it this mornin',
Wid a dale o' windy wurrds, "sez I," "sez he."
Ye may go bail he'd make the tale, wid fanciful adornin',
As wonderful as anny tale could be.
Sure, Father, 'tis mesel' that's glad ye wint to cheer yon poor ould lad,
That's blinder far nor me.

Oh, yes, there *is* a differ, though, I'm free to be admittin',
Ways, the two of us is blind as anny stone.
But times, ye see, Con sez to me: "I feel so blind jist sittin'
Wid no one nigh, jist sittin' by me lone."
They're blind, indeed, poor souls, that need another's mind to see an' read,
What thoughts are in their own.

So ye needn't think I'm jealous of a lad like poor ould Conor,
Fur my own mind's stored wid company galore.
An' 'tis little I'll be carin'—though I thank ye fur the honor—
If ye're passin' by or stoppin' at me door.
Sure ye're welcome, Father Mack, but I'd nivver call ye back
From wan that needs ye more.

OF COURSE SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE IT, SHE TOLD HERSELF.
"I CAN'T SUSPECT OLIVER!"

To accompany "Suspecting Oliver"
See page 51

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The Crime

by

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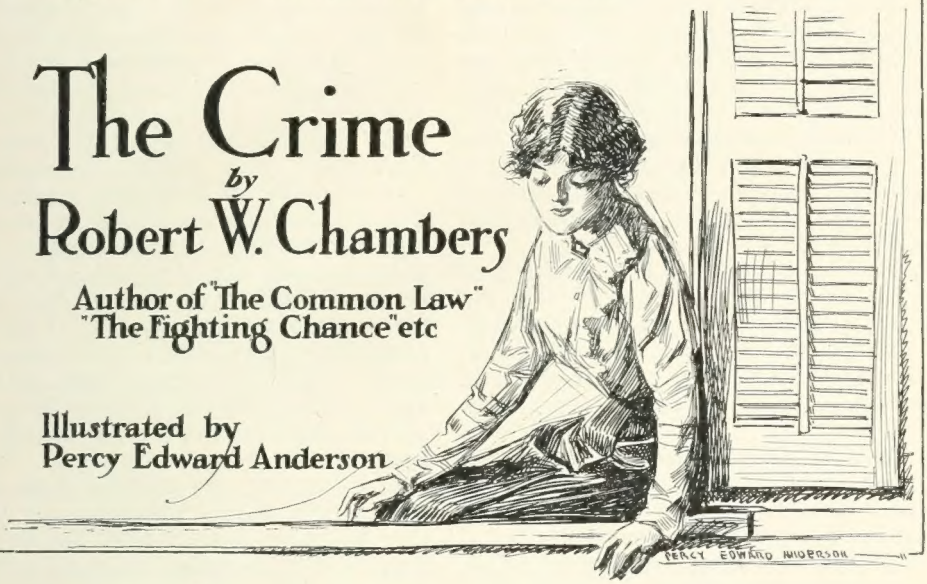


I.

NOW, it happened one day in the early springtime when the sky was china blue and filmy clouds trailed like lace across the disk of a pale sun, that I, Henry Stenhouse, nineteen years of age, well and sound in mind and body, decided to commit a crime.

The crime which I contemplated was murder. For three years past I had watched the object of my pursuit; I had peered at him at night as he lay sleeping; I had crept stealthily to his home, evening after evening, waiting for a chance to kill him. I had seen him moving about on his daily business growing fatter and sleeker, serene, sly, self-centred, absorbed in his own affairs, yet keeping a keen, shrewd eye upon strangers. For he mistrusted strangers; those who passed by him, not even noticing him, he mistrusted less than he did others who came to him with smiles and outstretched hands.

He never accepted anything from anybody. A strange step or the sound of a strange voice made him shy and suspicious. But he was cold and selfish, cold-blooded as a fish—in fact, he—but I had better tell you a little more about him first. He was my enemy; I determined to kill him. Perhaps he read it in my drawn face and sparkling eyes, for, as I stepped toward him, the first time, he turned and fled—fled straight across the Clovermead River.

And although I searched the river banks up and down and up and down again, I saw no more of him that day.

When I went home, excited, furious, I made passionate preparations to kill him. All night long I tossed feverishly in my tumbled bed, longing, aching for the morning. When the morning came I stole out of the house and bent my steps toward the river, for I had reason to believe that he lived somewhere in that neighbourhood. As I crept along, the early morning sun glittered on something that I clutched with nervous fingers. It was a weapon.

This happened three years ago; I did not find him that morning, al-

though I searched until the shadows fell over meadow and thicket. That night, too, found me on his trail, but the calm spring moon rose over Clovermead village and its pale light fell on no scene of blood.

So for three years I trailed him and stalked him, always awaiting the moment to strike—praying for an opportunity to slay; but he never gave me one. He was fierce and shifty, swift as lightning when aroused, but the battle that I offered he declined. Oh, he was deep—deep and crafty, cold-blooded as a fish—in fact, he was a fish, Mine Enemy, the Trout.

Do you imagine that the killing of mine enemy was a crime? No, my friend—that, properly done, was what is known as sport; improperly done, it is murder;—there, the murder's out! I was going to catch the trout with bait!

You, dear brethren of the angle, brave fly-fishermen all, wet or dry, turn not from me with loathing! Hear my confession, the confession of one who was tempted, listened, fell, and fished for a trout with a worm!

Anyway, it's your own fault if you throw down your book and beat your breasts with cruel violence. I told you that my story was to be a story of a crime, and if you don't like to read about crimes, you had no business to begin this tale. There are worse crimes, too—some people habitually fish with bait; some net fish, and there exist a few degraded objects in human shape who snare trout with a wicked wire hook on the end of a sapling.

Now, I don't propose to tell you about these things. I am no depraved realist, so thank your stars that the crime I contemplated was no worse than it was, and listen to the story of an erring brother. Mea culpa!

I was only nineteen, a student at the State School of Engineering, and in my senior year. What I did in engineering was barely sufficient to carry me through my examination; what I did in shooting and trout fishing might have furnished material for a sporting library. I had no particular aversion to my profession; my father before me had been a mining engineer. I was not entirely ignorant, either; I knew mica-schist from malachite, and I could—but that's of no consequence now. It is true, however, that instead of applying myself to the studies of my profession, I spent a great deal of time contributing to a New York sporting journal called the Trigger. I produced a couple of columns a week on such subjects as "German Trout *versus* Natives," "Do Automatic Reels Pay?" and "Experiments with the Amherst Pheasant." But my article entitled "The Enemies of the Spawning-Beds" won me recognition, and I became a regular contributor to the Trigger.

How I ever passed my examinations is one of those mysteries that had better remain uninvestigated. I don't remember that I studied or attended many lectures. I was too busy, shooting or fishing, or writing for the Trigger.

Also there existed a girls' boarding-house a mile away.

This school was run by two old maids, the Misses Timmins. It was the Timmins sisters' aim in life to prevent the members of their school from coming in contact with the engineers from Clovermead; therefore, we knew them all.

The means of communication were varied and numerous, for the little maidens of the boarding-school were quite as enthusiastic as we were. We never went through the formality of an introduction—it was not expected; we spoke when we had the chance, and thanked fortune for the chance.

There was, however, one weird custom laid down by the boarding-house maidens, a tradition which had existed as long as the school; and this was well understood by the Clovermead Engineers. It was this: no youth could expect to spoon with any Timmins maiden unless he first declared his intentions by serenading her.

We were not all blessed with a high order of musical ability—I played a harmonica—but we were willing to try. I had tried several times. The results were very sweet—I don't mean in a musical way.

So between the boarding-school and the Trigger I found little leisure, and the less leisure I had the less I felt

inclined to occupy it with engineering problems. Besides, there was the big trout to think of, Mine Enemy, whom I had sworn to drag from the depths of that most delicious of streams, the Clovermead River.

During these three years while I persistently fished for Mine Enemy (and goodness knows I had never before beheld so lusty a trout!) every fly known to anglers, and many flies unknown to anybody but myself, I tried on that impassive fish.

And he grew fatter and fatter.

I remember well the day of the temptation. I was sitting at the foot of the big oak tree that spreads above the pool where Mine Enemy lurked. Wearied with casting, I had sought the shadow of the oak and had lighted a cigarette to change my luck. And as I sat on the cool turf, I was aware of an angle worm, travelling along at my feet on business of its own. Scarcely conscious of what I did, I picked up a twig and tossed the little worm over the bank.

Then, in a moment, I was sorry, for I never willingly bother little things. I watched the worm sinking slowly into the crystalline depths of the pool.

When at last the little worm struck the bottom, I suppose it was both astonished and indignant, for it began to twist and turn and shoot out like a telescope over the gravelly bottom.

I was sorry, as I say, and I hoped it might make its way to the bank again and bore into it.

Several inquisitive minnows, half as long as the angle worm, gathered around it, staring and opening their diminutive mouths. Then, all at once, the minnows darted away, scattering in every direction, and a huge shadow fell upon the gravel, a trout, monstrous, lazy, slowly gliding out from the dark bank to where the worm wriggled, pushing his pink head among the pebbles.

Very deliberately, the great fish opened his mouth—not very wide—and the little worm was gone. For five minutes the trout lay there, and I watched him, scarcely daring to breathe. After a while I cautiously reached for my rod, freed the line and leader, bent a little forward, and cast over the fish. Lightly as snowflakes falling on window panes, the flies drifted on the placid surface of the pool. The trout did not stir.

It was at this moment that temptation overtook me; my sinful eyes roved over the turf where the angle worm had been, and, brethren, forgive me! —I lusted after bait! !

"It will be so easy," whispered the tempter, "no one will ever know!"

"Get behind me, Satan," said I.

"But it's so easy—and the big trout will never touch artificial flies!"

"Avaunt, Apollyon!" I groaned, while the sweat stood in beads on my eyebrows.

So I overcame the devil and went away to avoid further contention. And heaven rewarded me with the sight of a pretty girl playing a guitar at her window.

She was so pretty that the fact alone was reward enough, but Heaven never does things by halves, Madame, and when for an instant I paused by the brier hedge to listen, the pretty girl gave me one of those swift, provoking sidelong glances, and then, touching her guitar, looked innocently up into the sky.

And this is what she sang:

"Young am I, and yet unskilled
How to make a lover yield;
How to keep and how to gain,
When to love and when to feign;

"Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true;
He that has me first is blest,
For I may deceive the rest!"

And the guitar went strum! tum-tum! strum! tum-tum! tinkle-tinkle-tinkle-strum! tum-tum!

"The little innocent thing," I thought, and looked at her through the hedge.

She was not so very young; she might have been my own age. She was sitting in one of the windows of the dormitory which belonged to the Misses Timmins' Select Boarding-school for Young Ladies!

Evidently the Misses Timmins were not in the immediate neighborhood.

"Dear little innocent thing," I repeated to myself.

I moved slightly. She looked at me with that dreamy, confiding look that stirs the pulses of some people. I am one of those people.

"She is lonely," said I to myself. "It is the duty—nay, the precious privilege of the happy to sympathize with the lonely."

There was a bud of sweet brier beside my cheek. I picked it, sniffed it pensively, and looked at the girl in the window.

She looked at me, glanced down at her guitar, thrummed a little, sighed a little, and ate a bon-bon.

Ah, that sigh!—gentle, troubling, irresistible.

"She," thought I to myself, "shall be my goddess—this humble dormitory shall be my temple, this window my shrine! Hither will I come to worship and bring burnt offerings—almonds and bon-bons. This village will not be so dull, after all," I thought to myself.

"What time," said I, speaking very gently, for I did not wish to disturb the Misses Timmins with my rude voice, "what time, Mademoiselle, would it be advisable for an enamoured lover to serenade the delicious object of his adoration?"

"We retire at half-past nine, fair sir," said the maiden innocently.

I knew I was not mistaken. The poor child was lonely.

"Heavens!" said I, "driven to retire at half-past nine! Are—er—the—Misses Timmins—er—fierce?"

"They are deaf," said the maiden, with a child-like smile.

"Ah—unhappy ladies! This is a fine old building—a noble facade. Are you fond of architecture?"

"My window is the one I am sitting in," said the maid with simple confidence. "I could let down a string in case you had matters of grave import or state despatches to communicate."

"Ahem!" said I, "have you a string there now?"

"Yes, fair sir."

So I slid through the hedge and stood under her window holding up my creel.

"I have," said I, "a few small brook trout here—nothing to boast of—but if you would accept——"

"Indeed you are too kind——"

"They may vary the monotony of prunes and weak tea for supper——"

"Fair sir, I see you have known other boarding-school maidens!"

"Foi de gentilhomme!" I protested.

"Which is not pronounced the way we pronounce French here," she said "Let me see the trout."

I opened the creel.

"I will accept," said the girl graciously, and let down a string, to which I fastened my creel.

"You are very daring—how do you know that the whole school are not watching?"

"Because," said I, "this is the afternoon when the whole school takes a solemn ramble into the country."

"I am not rambling," she said.

"All do not ramble on days of recreation," I replied significantly.

"You know a great deal about this boarding-school, fair sir. I suppose you also know I am confined to my room as a disciplinary precaution."

"Monstrous!" I cried, suppressing my satisfaction.

"I only made a cider cocktail," she said.

"Monstrous!" I repeated. "Cider cocktails are no good."

By this time she had lowered the creel to me again and I slung it on my shoulders and picked up my rod from the lawn.

"I will bring offerings," I said. "Do you like bon-bons, gentle maiden?"

"Yes, and pickles," she said gravely.

"And music?"

"Sometimes—not too classical——"

"I will serenade you!" I cried enthusiastically. "You say the Misses Timmins are deaf?"

"Shame on you! You know they are. What do you play? I am not sure that I will accept a serenade."

"The banjo and the harmonica—not both at once. I play the harmonica best, but I couldn't sing to it at the same time, you know. Shall I come?"

"Y-es. Are you fond of pickled peaches? I can let some down to you."

I was on the point of accepting a pickled peach—I would have accepted a pickled turnip from her—when, out of the tail of my eye, I saw the tops of

multi-colored sunshades appearing above the crest of the hill, and I knew that the Misses Timmins were returning with their flock.

"You must go!" she whispered hurriedly. "Go quickly."

"Good-bye, good-night," I said. "You are the loveliest, sweetest——"

"Quick—what?"

"Angel—divine—glorious—er—"

"Oh, hasten! What!"

"And I love you!"

"You mustn't say that—must you? Oh, hurry and say it again—if you must——"

"Oh, I must!" I cried, heedless of all the Timminses on earth. "I really must——"

"My name is May Thorne—go quickly now."

"Mine is Harry Stenhouse—the deuce! They're at the gate!"

They were.

Scarcely had I slipped around the building before I heard the chatter and laughter of girls and the patter of feet on the gravel walk. I had heard it before under similar circumstances. But there was a back gate; and I went. Now see how virtue is its own reward! I had resisted the devil and—he gave me another chance.

II.

"Yes," said I to myself, remembering how I had piously ascribed my reward to Heaven—"yes, I was mistaken. I should have said: 'The devil, Madame, never does things by halves.'"

I looked back at the dormitory door. One of the Misses Timmins was snipping roses from the porch trellis.

"To eke out the meagre evening meal," I thought; "poor little maid—poor little May! Only nanny-goats eat roses, and an empty stomach rejoiceth not in perfumes."

This sounded to me like an Eastern proverb. It smacked well, and I repeated it to myself luxuriously.

"Some day," thought I, "when I am famous, and people begin to write books to prove that I'm not, I'll marry May—if I like her as well as I do now—and she likes me—ahem!" I'd forgotten that part.

"There is something about this little maid," I mused, "that touches my better nature: something too subtle to analyze, and anyway, I'm not good at that sort of analysis. She is fond of eating trout, I'm fond of catching them. Clearly we were designed for each other—if only for an hour or so."

By this time I had reached my own gate and stood pensively regarding a pair of tiny chipping birds that were absorbed in the excitement of a violent spring courtship.

"Certainly," said I to myself, "I am infatuated, and I'm proud of it. Any man would be—any man whose mind was not all mouse-coloured and neutral."

In the mellow evening light the pools of rainwater glimmered like sheets of gold. Two swallows sat on a telegraph wire twittering to each other of the coming summer, two migrating blue-jays stopped in the apple tree by the porch to chatter scandal. A pair of belated white butterflies fluttered sleepily about the lower branches of the lilac bushes.

"They're probably married also," thought I, "and now they're going home to bed. Everything that runs or flies or hops seems to be mated—except me. True, I don't fly—unless from the Misses Timmins.

I opened my creel and looked moodily into it. Fishing, after all, was cold comfort compared to stealing an interview with a winsome maid who ate bon-bons to guitar accompaniment.

"May," said I to myself softly, "May—might—May makes might and might makes right — pshaw! I'll not go bothering my conscience with every little incident that comes up." I had some consideration for my conscience; I knew how tired it was.

The rain-water in the long road ruts glimmered with a deeper orange light. A bat fluttered around the darkening foliage of the maples; a cricket creaked from door-sill.

"The bat," thought I, "is looking for a little lady-bat; the cricket is serenading; I think that I'll follow their example. I wish I could play on my harmonica and sing at the same time."

About ten o'clock that night, the

HE SAT DOWN ON A SUNNY ROCK JUST BEYOND ME, "IF SHE ONLY HAD HER

AND STIRRED THE SANDY BOTTOM WITH HER LITTLE TOES.
STOCKINGS ON," I SIGHED.

moon being well up, I went out onto the porch and looked at it until I felt sufficiently sentimental to sit on the damp grass under May's window and make music as I understood it. So I took my banjo under my arm, dropped my harmonica into my coat pocket, and tip-toed off down the road as many a better man had done before me, and would continue to do as long as that boarding-school existed.

O, delicious night in early spring! Lured by the balm in the soft night winds, all the little field creatures had come out of their holes in meadow and pasture, in orchard and thicket, and were scraping away on monotonous shrill melodies, accentuated by the treble of hundreds of tree toads.

In every shadowy orchard Katydids performed countless encores to the bass "bravos!" of the great bull-frogs along the mill-brook's reedy banks. All living things did their part to celebrate the coming summer, even a distant skunk added his mite to the spicy night. Personally I preferred the roadside lilacs, but it's all a matter of taste. and George the Fourth liked his oysters over-ripe.

"If these bull-frogs," thought I, "keep up their sonorous tom-toms, it will ruin my serenade—I know it, from experience."

By this time I had reached the dormitory hedge.

"A brassy cornet would be lost in this hubbub," I mused bitterly, looking up at the third window on the second floor.

I thumbed the bass string of my banjo doubtfully, paused, cleared my throat, included frogs, toads, katydids and crickets in one general and comprehensive anathema, and sang this rehashed song:

"Ye little loves that round her wait
To bring me tidings of my fate,
As May upon her pillow lies,
Ah! gently whisper—Harry dies.

"If this will not her pity move,
And the proud fair disdains to love,
Smile and say 'tis all a lie,
And haughty Henry scorns to die!"

"Bother take it," I muttered, "I shouldn't have sung that last verse—it may offend her. That's the trouble about those old songs; you never can tell what you're singing until you've put your foot in it."

This mixed metaphor was probably due to the confusion in my mind, for what with the frogs and a lurking fear of the Misses Timmins, I was not as cool as I might have been.

While I was singing two or three windows were softly raised, and now more were being raised, and I caught glimpses of shadowy white-draped figures leaning from sills or dodging behind curtains.

And now her window opened softly; I saw a shape between the curtains and the sweet notes of a guitar came throbbing out into the night.

"Miss Thorne," I whispered, "ask those young ladies to go in, please. They always come and bother."

Some of them took the hint. I did not care for the rest, for time was precious, and I feared the Timmins! So I told Miss Thorne in a hollow, passionate whisper that it was out of the question for me to try to live without her—and a few other facts calculated to melt solid rocks into tears. But when I desired to be informed concerning her constancy, she interrupted me.

"What was that last verse you sang?" she asked.

"Oh, that was only one of those old songs, you know; I didn't intend——"

"One of those old songs? Very well. Listen to this one then, and be assured of my constancy:

"The time that is to come is not;
How, then, can it be mine?
The present moment's all my lot,
And that, as fast as it is got,
Harry, is only thine!

"Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heaven allows."

It was a pretty revenge for my parrot-like repetition of a verse that was out of place, but when, from a neighbouring window, another voice cried "Brava, May! Serves him right!" I was annoyed and protested in hoarse whispers.

Then all those little maids began to make fun of me. I thought I could distinguish May's silvery mocking laughter, and, hurt and angry, I shook the dew of the lawn from my shoes and went away, nursing my wrath and my hurt pride.

"That's what one gets," I mused; "that's what a man gets by meddling with things that don't concern him! I was an ass to make eyes at her. I was doubly an ass to think that she would care for good music—I was a triple ass to sing that idiotic old song. It was a too-cock-sure-independent—well, don't-if-you-don't-want-to sort of song, and women don't like that. Women are all alike—it is only circumstances that change them. I wish I had sense enough to let 'em alone! The confounded song hurt her vanity—that's what's the matter!"

I sat down on a flat rock by the roadside and blew a dismal strain from my harmonica. It comforted me a little, so I played "Sir Daniel O'Donnel" and "Casey's Lament."

The weird strains of the latter wrung howls from a dog in a stable near by, so I changed to a pleasanter air to save his feelings. But my heart was heavy; I eyed the moon furtively and moped.

"Those feather-headed girls always come and listen every time a fellow tries to do a little wooing on his own account," I muttered; "Barclay had the same experience, so did Kendall and Gordon. I'll be hanged if I repeat this fiasco—it's cursedly silly, anyway, and I don't care whether it's customary and traditional. I'll not play circus for any woman on earth!"

I wiped my harmonica on my handkerchief and played "Bannigan's Barracks" in a minor key. The dog in the stable howled intermittently.

I could see the dark mass of the dormitory out of the corner of my eye. A candle flickered behind one of the windows, I could not tell which, from where I was sitting.

And, as I eyed it askance, tooting resignedly the while, I saw somebody appear at the great gate, open it, and move swiftly out and up the road toward me.

"Some of those girls have told a Timmins, and she's coming to do me!" I thought. "I don't care. Miss Thorne made me ridiculous, and I'll not see her again, and I'm on the public highway! Let the Misses Timmins advance!"

So I struck up a lively quickstep on my harmonica and blinked innocently at the moon. The figure was close to me now. I saw it, but I tootled away, regardless.

"Mr. Stenhouse!"

I turned slowly.

"Oh, I know it is terribly imprudent, and if I'm caught I'll be sent home, but I heard your harmonica—oh, such dismal strains!—and I thought if only I could see you for a second to tell you that it was not I that laughed, for I think your serenade was—was perfectly charming—there!"

We were standing face to face in the moonlight.

At last, I said: "I was a fool to sing that song; I'm sorry, Miss Thorne."

"Oh, it was not the song so much as it was that you said—you gave me to understand quite frankly that you had—had been to the school before. You said 'the girls always bothered—'"

"Did I say that?"

"Yes,—it was most humiliating for—for me."

"Oh, I'm a perfect idiot," I admitted.

She looked down at her slippers—they had been hurriedly and carelessly tied—and I noticed it and knelt to repair the oversight.

"I was in such haste," she said. "Is it true that you have serenaded the dormitory before?"

"Not the dormitory——"

"You know what I mean; have you?"

"All the fellows do," I said vaguely.

She tapped her foot on the gravel.

"Those strings are sufficiently tied," she said. "Tell me whom you serenaded?"

"I can't do that, Miss Thorne."

"Why? Then tell me when it was."

"When? Oh, last year, before I ever imagined such a girl as you existed. It's a silly custom, anyway——"

"It isn't—it's charming when the

man has any tact. It's the tradition of the school that no girl shall spoon with a man who hasn't serenaded her, and I do not expect to break the tradition of my school——"

"Only the rules, Miss Thorne?"

"Only the rules— and a heart or two!"

"Faith, sir," she said maliciously, "did you think you were the only one?"

"Yes," said I, "I did."

"And you tell me deliberately that you had serenaded other girls there before I came—I don't know how many, perhaps a dozen, twenty, fifty, the whole school!"

"What!" I cried, bewildered.

"Oh, I don't care," she said. "I only wished to show you what men are and what their selfishness requires of women—to sacrifice everything while they sacrifice nothing."

"And you don't care?" I asked.

"No, Mr. Stenhouse."

"Then why did you risk everything to come and tell me?"

"W-what?" she stammered.

"Miss Thorne," said I, very gravely, "your school is noted for its escapades. It is known in the village, not as the 'Misses Timmins' Select Boarding-School for Young Ladies,' but as 'The Devil's Own.' We engineer students are a reckless lot, also. We are, to put it plainly, a godless crew, but this—this is somehow different. I am beginning to believe that our thoughtless folly—yours and mine—may leave one of us miserable for life."

"Who knows? I can only speak for myself. I have changed already—yes, in these few moments that we stood here, face to face——"

"What do you mean?" she said mockingly.

"I mean that in another minute I shall love you—in another second!"

"Are you serious?" she demanded incredulously. Then, "Oh, I thought you jolly and clever, and you prove to be soft and silly! Master Harry, you bore me!"

"Well I'll never do it again, and I was a fool to believe you would understand anything but chocolate creams and dormitory flirting!"

"Not only soft and silly, but a boor," she said. "Good-night. No, you need not walk to the gate with me—I never wish to set eyes on you again."

III.

On the first day of June I passed my final examination at the great Engineering School at Clovermead, and was then ready to let myself loose on the mining regions of a deluded world.

The commencement exercises bored me; I went fishing most of the time, or else stayed in my rooms writing "Dry Fly Casting as a Fine Art" for the Trigger. In the long fragrant evenings I took lonely walks by the river or sat under the oak playing minor airs on my harmonica.

At the end of the first week in June the commencement exercises were over, the visiting hordes from New York and Boston had flitted away to Newport or Bar Harbor, the Government officers went back to Washington and West Point, and the little village of Clovermead lay in the sunshine, white, sweet-scented, deserted.

"The Misses Timmins' Select Boarding-School for Young Ladies" had its commencement — a rainbow affair— and dissolved, leaving, as residue, an empty school-house and a dormitory dedicated to silence.

I didn't go to their commencement, not because I was not invited, for most of the fellows went, anyway. No, since my last serenade, I had shunned the school and all its works.

It was true that I lingered in the village of Clovermead after my fellow-students had departed, not, as I frequently explained to myself, to catch a last glimpse of Miss Thorne, but to catch that veteran trout in the Clovermead River. "I shall never see Miss Thorne again," I said to myself, "and I'm glad of it."

So on the day of her commencement I went fishing, very far off, and I passed a miserable day. It rained, among other things.

The next morning the sun shone in at my window and I looked out into the village with a strange weight at my

heart. I did not feel hungry, but went to breakfast, determined, to let nothing disturb me or my appetite. As I touched the sugar-tongs to the sugar, a faint whistle came on the June wind from the distant railroad station.

"There go the young ladies from the boarding-schoool," said my landlady; "do take one of these shirred eggs, Mr. Stenhouse."

"Thank you," said I, with a queer sensation in my throat.

"May has gone," I was thinking. After a while I said aloud: "What of it?"

"I beg your pardon," said my landlady, smiling.

"I beg yours—it was nothing; I was only thinking that I was alone in the village."

"I hope you will stay," she said, fingering the black-edged handkerchief in her lap.

"You are very good," I replied; "I shall stay until I catch that big trout in the river."

"Then poor luck to you!" smiled the kindly old lady. "What time will you have your dinner, Mr. Stenhouse?"

I went back to my room and sat down by the window. A flowering branch of late apple blossoms scraped across the sash as I threw it open and leaned out.

For a long while I listened to the droning of bees among the half-opened buds, thinking that the warmth had fled from the sunshine and the scent was gone from mead and sedge.

And "why?" I repeated to myself again and again, until a sullen anger seized me and I tramped up and down my room, my hands buried in the canvas pockets of my shooting coat.

"Now," I said to myself, "this is d——d foolishness. I'll just go and try for that trout, and I'll catch him, too," I added, gritting my teeth to dull the pain in my heart. "I'll catch him by fair means or foul—yes, by jingo! I'll use a worm!" No, I felt no horror for the deed I was about to commit. All that was base and depraved in my nature had risen with my better feelings to combat a depression, a sorrow that was so sudden, so deep, that I hardly understood it.

Under such circumstances the truly good come out strong—in novels; others do something wrong to occupy their minds. Wallowing dulls the capability of suffering—for a time. It is much practiced by weak and strong, contemporary fiction to the contrary.

So it happened one day in early June, when the sky was china blue and filmy clouds trailed like lace across the disk of a pale sun, that I, Henry Stenhouse, well and sound in mind and body, decided to commit a crime.

I started down the road, swinging my creel over my shoulder and whistling, buoyed up by that false exhilaration which always took possession of me when I felt myself on good terms with the devil. In my pocket nestled my luncheon, a small flask of Bordeaux, fly-book, harmonica, reel, and a tin bait-box.

Imagine what it costs me to write this!

Well, it's written—and on I went, whistling "Sir Daniel O'Donnel" as though I had not a care in the world and love was but an old wives' tale.

Yet, whistle as I would, I could not close my eyes to the caustic criticism of the sunny world on my solitary condition. Robins hopped about the pastures in pairs, blue-birds flew from sapling to fence, in pairs, yellow butterflies whirled over the clover in dozens and dozens of pairs, and the very trees, the silver birches, the maples and elms, all seemed to grow in pairs. Two by two I counted oak and beech, nestling in each others' shadows, two by two the twinkling silver aspens seemed to wink at me with every leaf.

I alone was alone.

"Because," said I to myself, "I've got brains"; but the boast fell only on the idle, unbelieving ears of the corn, too young to understand or sympathize.

A great tenderness was in my heart, but I crushed it out, and turned into the fields, treading my way through rustling corn where June breezes lingered, whispering.

When I struck the hazel patch I felt

better, and I whistled "Sir Daniel O'Donnel" again.

A wood-thrush, striving to imitate me produced an unconscious masterpiece; a cat-bird mewed unceasingly from the deeper growth. Both had [illegible]

I took the hidden path through the beech-woods until I came to a big pine. Here, following a trail known to myself, I entered the denser woods, crossed the two spring brooks that feed the river, and after a few minutes' rapid walking came to the oak which spreads above the limpid silvery pool, the abode of Mine Enemy.

"As long as I have sunk to the level of a pot-hunter," said I, treading softly over the moss, "I might as well do the thing thoroughly."

Very cautiously I produced an angle worm from my box, baited my hook, cast the infernal machine into the pool, and then, placing my rod on the bank, put a flat stone on the butt and sat down to smoke. When I had finished my cigarette I lay down, stretching out on the moss under the oak tree.

And as I sprawled on my back looking skyward, I was aware of a pair of stockings, black stockings—hanging from a limb directly over my head.

Astonished and indignant I lay perfectly still, staring at the stockings. They had been wet, but now were rapidly drying, swinging gently in the warm June wind.

"This is pleasant!" I thought; "some credulous country wench has taken my pool for a foot-bath. I'll not put up with it, by jingo! Have fishermen no rights? Is this a picnic ground? Is that river a resort for barefooted, [illegible]

If there were any people splashing and paddling about among the stones down the river, I knew that every trout within range would be paralyzed with fright. I sat up and tried to see through the foliage which bordered the narrow river where it curved into [illegible]

"They're down there," I muttered, [illegible] trout between here and the falls. Idiots!"

I looked up at the stockings. They were certainly silk, I could see that. The sun bronzed the pointed toes, now almost dry. And while I looked there came a faint sound of splashing close by, just where the river narrows to curve into the woods. Something bright was glistening down there between the branches, something white that moved slowly up stream, nearer and nearer, now plainly in view through the leaves.

It was a young woman in a light summer gown, with a big straw hat on her head, and she was slowly and deliberately wading through the shallow water toward my pool.

She seemed to be enjoying it; the swift water rippled around her ankles, dashing her skirt with spray as she lifted her wet pink feet carefully over the sharp rocks and deeper channels. Her skirt, gathered naively in both hands, fluttered perhaps a trifle higher than it might have done under other circumstances. It was a pretty innocent picture, but it was out of place in my trout pool, and I stood up, determined to expostulate. After a second I sat down again, somewhat suddenly. The black stockings waved triumphantly above my head. I looked at them, bewildered, utterly upset. The young lady in the water was Miss Thorne.

Before I could decide what to do, she came in sight around the trees, stepping daintily over the sandy shallows. I dared not move. She did not look up.

"What the mischief shall I do?" I thought, keeping very still so that no movement should attract her eyes to the oak on the bank above. I could not retreat and leave my rod, I dared not creep to the pool to recover it. Besides, I didn't want to go away.

She sat down on a sunny rock just below me, and was stirring the sandy bottom with her little toes. It was, as I said, a pretty picture, sweet and innocent, but utterly fatal to my peace of mind. I wondered what she'd do next, and lay silent, scarcely breathing.

"If she turns her back," I thought, "I'll get up and go. I'm no eavesdropper, and I'll go only I hope she won't give me the chance."

She had drawn a book from the folds

of her dress and, as I lay there without sound or motion, she began to read, repeating aloud to herself the passages that pleased her.

"I am the magic waterfall
Whose waters leap from the fathomless and living springs,
Far in the mist-hung silence of the Past."

She paused, turning the leaves with languid capriciousness; then;

"I fill the woods with songs; the trees,
Through whose twigs flow prophecies,
I deck with vestments green."

And again she read:

"The shower has freshened the song of the bird
And budded the bushes
And gilded the maple and tasselled the linden and willow,
Staining with green the forest-fringed path."

She sat silent, idly touching the fluttering pages. Then she raised her head, singing softly odd bits of songs to herself—to the thrushes around her.

A great belted kingfisher flashed past, a blurr of blue and white against the trees. His loud harsh rattle startled her for an instant.

And, as she turned to watch his flight along the winding stream, I rose and slipped noiselessly into the forest. Before I had taken a dozen steps, however, I remembered my rod, and halted involuntarily. Looking back through the thicket fringe, I saw that she had turned my way again, and it was out of the question to recover it without being seen.

"If she only had her stockings on," I sighed.

Should I wait, taking discreet observations occasionally? Should I go and let the rod take care of itself? Suppose the big trout should seize hold and drag it into the river? Suppose Miss Thorne should step on the barbed hook with her bare little feet! At the thought I turned hastily back in my own tracks, halted again, started on, wavered, took one irresolute step, and stopped.

I could see her now quite plainly without being seen. She had tossed her book up on the moss and was picking her way along the ascending bank, holding on to branch and root.

She's coming for her stockings, that's what she's doing," I thought.

Until she had safely passed the pool where the hook lay I kept my eyes on her. After that I waited until I saw her reach up to the oak-limb for the stockings; then I looked the other way.

I gave her ten minutes to complete her toilet, holding my watch in my hand.

Once she sang pensively that puzzling but pathetic ballad:

"'Mother, may I go out to swim?'
'Yes, my darling daughter—
Hang your hose on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water.'"

Then ten minutes were up at last. "Now," said I to myself, "shall I look? No—yes—no, indeed!—I don't know—I'll just see whether——"

I turned around.

She had left the shelter of the oak and was hurrying down the bank toward my rod, with every appearance of excitement.

"I'll bet there's a fish on it," said I to myself, "by jingo! there is!—and it's bending and tugging as if a porpoise had the line! It'll be into the river in a moment! There! It's gone!"

But I was mistaken, for Miss Thorne grasped it just as it slid over the edge of the bank.

"She'll break it! I'll bet it's my big fish! There! She's pulling the fish out—she's trying to drag the fish up! I can't stand this! It's no use—I've got to go."

When she saw me hastening down the slope she did not cry out, neither did she drop the rod, but her blue eyes grew very large and round. And as I hurried up she gave one last convulsive tug and hauled up, over, and on to the bank an enormous trout, flapping and bouncing among the leaves.

In a second I had seized the fish—it took all the strength of my arm to hold him—and the rest was soon over. There he lay, a monarch among trout, glistening, dappled, crimson-flecked. I walked down to the water's edge,

washed my hands mechanically, and slowly climbed back again.

"I didn't know it was your rod," she said. "I only saw a big fish on it, and I pulled it out."

"I—I thought you had left Clovermead," I stammered.

"I thought you had also," she said; "all the others have gone. To-morrow I go; my guardian is coming."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes; at eight o'clock in the morning."

There was an awkward pause. I glanced askance at the fish, already ashamed of my work, dreading to know what she thought of a man who fished with bait.

"It is a large trout," she said timidly, "it is a wonder that I didn't break your rod and line. You see, I never before caught a trout."

"And—and you would not—you don't think less of a man because he fishes with bait?" I asked, red with shame.

"I? Why, no. What else would you use?"

"Flies," I said desperately. "You know it."

"Flies? Can you catch enough?"

"I mean artificial flies," I said. "You don't understand, you can't conceive the depth of depravity that leads a man to catch a trout as I've caught this—can you? It's simple murder."

"But," said Miss Thorne, with a puzzled glance at the fish, "I thought that I caught him."

"I—I baited the hook," I faltered.

"Then," said she, "it's a clear case of collusion, and we're both responsible."

We looked at each other for an instant. She sighed, almost imperceptibly.

"I am very sorry for what I said that night," I began. "You can't think how it has troubled me ever since. I have suffered a great deal, and I'm deucedly miserable, Miss Thorne."

"I forgive you," she said sweetly. "Why did you not ask me before?"

"Because," said I, "being an idiot, I didn't dare."

"It made me [illegible]

said. "I shouldn't have spoken so—"

"Oh, you were quite right!" I cried. "It was my fault entirely."

"No, indeed!"

"It was, really."

"And to think that I should have spoken so after the trout you gave me and the serenade

"If the music had been as good as the trout

[illegible] it was charming and you said some things that first afternoon under my window——"

"I meant them—I mean them now a thousandfold!"

The crimson stained her cheeks. She half turned toward the river.

"I think," she said, "that I am late for luncheon."

Very humbly I produced my flask of Bordeaux, my cold chicken, bread, and hot-house pears. She looked at them, her head on one side.

"It is not very much," I ventured, "for two."

"I think it will do," she said reflectively. "There are some cresses by the brook. I am fond of cresses. Have you pepper and salt?"

I rummaged in my pockets, produced the harmonica, a package of tobacco, a spare reel, a knife, a steel hunting watch, a cigarette case, a box of dry flies, a match-case, a box of leaders, and finally a neat little parcel of pepper and salt.

She watched me with perfect gravity.

"If you please," she said, "you may go and play on your harmonica under the oak tree while I arrange the table. Will you?"

"Can't I help you?" I murmured, giddy with happiness.

"No. Go and play 'Sir Daniel O'Donnel.'"

I watched her, tooting fitfully the while, and presently she called to me that luncheon was ready, and asked me to lend her my handkerchief to dry her hands.

We drank in turns from the flask, gravely begging pardon for the goutte sans façon.

But the luncheon! There was never such a luncheon served in the palaces of Stamboul! I ate ambrosia—some name it chicken—and I drank nectar—

foolish people would have called it Bordeaux, and I sat opposite to and looked in the blue eyes of the sweetest maid in the world.

And so we sat and chatted on, I knowing little of what was said save that it was her voice, always her voice on my ears, and every word was melody. The swift droop of the long lashes on the pure curved cheeks, the gentle caress in every movement, the light clinting on tawny hair, on stray curling strands blown across her eyes—these I remember.

The shadows came and laid their long shapes on the sands of the shore, the trees darkened where the massed foliage swept in one unbroken sheet above the moss; the red west blazed.

Once a fish splashed among the weeds, a wood-chuck steered fearlessly past, peering and turning, sousing its gorgeous neck in the shallow stream.

At last she sprang up, touching her hair with light, swift fingers, and shaking out her skirts.

"I must go."

"So soon?"

"Yes. Shall I say good-bye now for to-morrow?"

"Say it."

"Good-bye, then."

"Is that all?"

"Good-bye——"

"Nothing more?"

"Oh, what—what else?" she murmured. "I can say no more."

"I can't say," I.

"You must not—ah, do you mean it?"

"Yes. I love you."

"Then we will go back together," she said, innocently, and came close up to me, laying her white hands in mine.

"Ah," said I, as we entered the road by the dormitory, "the trout is a noble one, but, May, it was murder that was done on Clovermead water."

"And theft," she said, with a faint smile; "where is my heart, if you please?"

And we looked long, smiling into each other's eyes——

It all happened years ago. I have never touched bait to hook since, but I confess that I do still, at times, play "Sir Daniel O'Donnel" on the harmonica. May permits it, especially when the children beg me; and, as they are teasing me now, I shall probably play it to-night.

—

AS IT HAPPENS

BY S. E. KISER

THE fool speaks out before he thinks,
And when his words have sped
Beyond recall, on fatal wings,
He learns that he has uttered things
He never should have said.

The wise man thinks before he speaks
And when it is too late,
Sits down, defeated and alone,
To think what might have been and moan,
"Alas! why did I wait?"

PANAMA HAT.
The only point on the continent from which one can see the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans simultaneously

The Tropical Tramp

By Norman S. Rankin

Illustrated with Photographs

IN the construction of the Panama Canal there are, roughly speaking, four classes of employees: the commissioners and engineers in charge, the clerical force (appointed in Washington), the navvy and the expert white railroad construction man, speaking Spanish like a native, all of whom have for years made Latin America their stamping ground.

Here they have foregathered from all parts of the tropical world, partly because living conditions are better on the Isthmus, and partly because the wage are good, but principally on account of the hum and bustle of life and activity. Things are happening here, and to the tropical tramp with whom this article has to do—the irresponsible, rollicking, happy-go-lucky construction man—the happening of things is the breath of his deboshed nostrils. For the tropical tramps, indeed, the Isthmus is a sort of halfway house, where passes all the drift of the Latin American countries. From Mexico to Guatemala, Guatemala to Honduras, Honduras to Costa Rica, Costa Rica to Panama, Panama to Ecuador, Ecuador to Peru, and thence upward, taking in Cuba on the return drift to Yucatan and Mexico the wanderers go, flush or broke, sober or three sheets in the wind, driving the railroad through difficulties before which a northern man on a four-tenths per cent. grade would lie down and weep, and good fellows always.

From Colon on the north (for the canal runs much more nearly north

and south than it does east and west) to Panama on the south, there are scattered hundreds of these men, speaking three or four different languages and as many dialects again, who are as much at home in Sonora, Jamaica, or the little Central American republics as the average business man is in Montreal or Winnipeg or Calgary. They form a vast free-masonry, spread throughout Latin America, having their own code of morals, their own social etiquette, and their home wherever their hat happens to hang. I speak now of the engineer, conductor, brakeman or construction man who has made good elsewhere, and who roams only because he has the "itchy feet," that wonderful, uncontrollable desire to be somewhere else that makes a man drop his job and dig out, trusting with child-like faith that the future will take care of itself—a faith that more often than not is abundantly justified.

Of course, there's the regular drifting tramp, the "no-good," the failure who carries the stamp of his profession on his drink-sodden face, in his bleary eyes, his feeble and trembling hands, and his unkempt garments. Kicked unmercifully from one country to another, a blotch on the face of the earth, leaving a muddy trail behind him that nothing can obliterate, he goes the rounds until he ceases even to be able to do that, and drops out of sight —heaven knows where—forever.

From El Paso to Lima you'll find him, frequenting the filthy native saloons, leaning up against the spotted bar counters, yellow, gaunt and unclean. He looks at you out of his sunken, hope-stricken eyes, asking your help for a job, a meal, another chance to get on his feet, or a drink—above all things, a drink. Both he and you know that he doesn't want work; that he wouldn't do it if he had it; that he's beyond all human assistance.

And yet, every man has had his opportunities, a once bright future stretched before him; he was a good fellow, too, in his day, and had filled positions of importance and prominence. He's had his dream of riches and happy home, like the rest of us, but alas, the atmosphere of the tropics, siren-like, laid hold of his heart strings, while the rum of Jamaica, the pulque of Mexico and the thousand and one fancy liquid concoctions of the south, iced, spiced and tantalizingly colored, possessed themselves of his body, while the devil took a short-time mortgage on his soul.

For such as he, it's a little wooden cross with a number on it on La Boca Hill; a hired niche in the wall of Havana's great show graveyard, or an added heap on the public bone-pile in this, that or the other Latin campo santo.

And who cares? Perhaps, doubtless, somebody does, but they're so far off they seldom know. "Let the dead bury the dead," we're all too busy here to worry over it. He was forgotten long ago. Life's too strenuous these days

"Poor devil," they say, as they sit around the table rolling the bones. "So old Bill kicked the bucket down in Guayaquil, did he? Poor old William, he wuz a good un, he wuz. 'Member him on the Pearson dock job at Vera Cruz in '97, Harry? It's hard luck.

COOLIE YOUNGSTERS OUT OF SCHOOL

WHEN YOU MUST LEAVE THE RAILROAD THE ANCIENT VOLANTA-WAGON TAKES YOU ON YOUR WAY

By Jove, it's hard luck. Well, roll 'em up, boys, roll 'em up!"

I ran on half a dozen of them the last time I landed in Colon, and it made my heart sick. Men I'd known in Demerara who, in their early days, for some little time at least, had held down fairly good positions. They were all broke; all down on the luck—down—down—down; and out.

They cursed the climate, the canal, the system and the U. S. Government. "The sanitation's hell," they affirmed; "the grub's rotten; the heat's killin'; an' the red tape's a yard wide."

"Great Scott, Andy," I was indiscreet enough to say to one of them, "you surely have got thin, old man. What's been the matter? Where have you been since I saw you in Greyton? What are you doin' now?"

"Doing?" he laughed recklessly, "doing? Why, any old thing, and any old person. Knocking about Salvador and Honduras, railroadin' an' farmin'. Was took sick shortly after comin' to the Isthmus, and lost my job in the material department—they fired me. Say, old man," he whined nervously, "couldn't lend me a fiver, could you? I [illegible] I'm [illegible] down on my luck; right on me bloomin' uppers," and he peered wistfully into my face, fearing a refusal.

I passed him over the fiver for old time's sake. I knew it was not a kindness I was doing him, but what could I do? Turn him down, you say. Would you have? An old friend of better days?

Late that evening when I was passing up Bottle Alley, I caught a glimpse of him through the door of a Chinese saloon, asleep in a chair, with his arms stretched across the bar table, and his head dropped forward on his arms—drunk. Dead drunk.

"The liquor's got him gripped by the soul," said my companion, who saw me hesitate, as if to go to him, "and you can't do nothing for him. He's been discharged by the Commission as 'unsatisfactory' — blackballed for future work on the zone." And he spat wickedly upon the new vitrified pavement to hide his emotion. "Come ahead, let's be movin'; you can't do nothin'," and he dragged me forward by the coat sleeve.

Did you ever feel your heart sink down into your boots in disgust and pity? A sort of prelude to sea-sickness caused by an extra heavy roll of your

THE BULL-FIGHT IS A COMMON SPECTACLE IN COLON, AND ALL SOCIETY TURNS OUT TO SEE

ship at sea, or a sudden, too swift dip of a swing or see-saw, the sort of feeling that can't be expressed on paper in any way?

Well, it came over me then. I knew the boy's people back in New England, and hated myself because I did. I realized that what my companion said was true, and we slid away and tried to forget it. But it was a long time before my nerves were steady again. A long time.

Rellips, the proprietor of the hotel at which I stopped, said little, but he gave me a hearty grip and ordered the bar-keep to dole out the pizen.

"This is your house," he said to me, Spanish fashion, "including the bar-keep, the booze, and everything else in it."

I'd known the proprietor before, and I knew I'd get the best the house afforded, despite the rush. I did, too. The best, most comfortable and coolest room in the building was mine, and when I came to pay my bill a day or two later, I found that it was only half rates.

In converse with some friends in Colon, they told me that when Rellips struck the isthmus mudbank he'd only a twenty dollar greenback in his clothes. Afterwards he ran the two most popular hotels in town, the rent of the two aggregating some two thousand dollars gold per month. Some of his former construction-days friends were in funds and staked him, as is the custom in the tropics.

A man passed through Panama a short time ago on his way back to Peru. I had known him on Jamaica street car construction work nearly ten years ago, but had lost sight of him. Conductor Deens at Matachin told me his story.

"Nick?" he said reminiscently, "Old Pay Nick? Why, yes. I knew him well. About three months ago he blew in here goin' Mexico way; said he'd a job waitin' for 'im in Yucatan. We staked him, of course, and wished 'im luck, and by the great jumpin' eagle if the beggar didn't get it, too. Yes, sir, great luck. Hadn't been there three weeks on his new job w'en he won the Mexican lottery—drew ten thousand Mex. in big round iron men, an' all for doin' nothin'. Some fellows sure is lucky. Lord, if we didn't all yell w'en we heard it! Lucky devil.

"Well, sir," he continued, "we didn't see no more of him after that. Guess he done went to Gawd's

country to spend that there dago money. We heard he'd been drowned off New Orleans, but it was a false alarm, for last week he turned up again lookin' as spick and span and happy as a clam, wearin' the smile that won't come off and packin' a roll o' dough as big as your two fists. He refunded the stake with liberal interest, and washed us all out inside, and some of us outside, with fuzzy-buzzy water. Yes, we did have a good night of it. Gone back to his old job in Peru," he concluded. "Didn't have no use for that low-lyin' leper country nohow, he said."

Along the railroad and canal work I bumped into many men, many "made goods," whom I'd known in other countries on other jobs. In the bar of the Hotel Central in Colon I ran against old Sirrom, a railroad rover and all-round good fellow. He could erect a trestle bridge, polish off a bottle of old rye, or sit all night over a pleasant little game of draw with the same unaffected sangfroid. When I entered the hotel he occupied one big chair carefully tilted back against the wall, with his feet reposing comfortably on another. His coat was off, and from the little finger of his left hand a bright glare of light sprang and stabbed me in the eyes so that I could hardly see. It came from a diamond as big as a small pigeon's egg. I knew immediately that he "was restin' up and in funds." Whenever a tropical tramp wears diamonds — real ones, not Montanas—big ones like those you often see in the camp jack pots in the early mornings of the nights following the visit of the paymaster, you'll know instanter that he's not working, and is flush.

He [illegible] upon a big, brown cigar. Heavy rings of blue smoke circled round his head. Only six weeks before I'd left him bridge building in Eastern Cuba, holding [illegible] fall into in a lifetime.

"Well, I'll be blowed," he called out when he finally recognized me; "I'll [illegible] tenderfoot like you down to these 'ere regions?" and he roused himself and sat up in his chair. He was big, hearty and sun-tanned, and I felt my heart go out to him as I clasped his hand. I knew he was the real thing—a friend for either a rainy or a sunny day. What matter if his language was a little rough, or his moral platform entirely his own? What matter if he couldn't trace his ancestors back to the sailing of the Ark? He'd proven himself a man before, he'd made good in a dozen different places, and his friends knew that his heart was in the right place.

"Well, I like that!" I joshed back. "It's rather up to you to explain to me why you left a good, independent job to wander down to a feverish, damp sink-hole like this. 'Fess up, now, 'fess up. Own you were fired, and deserved it, too."

"Fired, nothing," he answered quickly, coloring up like a girl; "fired be blowed! I just plum done fired myself, that's what I done, and without any deliberatin', neither. Got dead sick stayin' in one bloomin' place for so long a time, and after the boys all left, decided I'd come down here and look up old friends. Hist, boy," and he beckoned over the bar-tender, "bring the dice box, pronto, sabe?" And he drew his chair in closer to the table preparatory to rolling the bones.

Of course, I got stuck for the drinks, but I put up cheerfully. Over the beer—at fifty cents Panamanian silver per bottle—Sirrom gave me all the latest canal news and gossip, and we discussed and laughed over past experiences on a dozen different jobs. Every man we'd ever known was mentioned, and his health drunk or his soul consigned to eternal damnation. Good old Sirrom! There's a man for you. And there are a hundred like him along the canal zone to-day. Independent men of iron constitution, brains, perseverance and indomitable will, men who can do anything on a construction job from grading a dump to running an engine, men who, fever-proof, liquor-proof, fearless and enthusiastic, have been the pioneers of

southern railroad construction and have made the tropics their working playground.

"By Gosh!" said the conductor from the New York road to a group of sympathetic listeners at Empire Station, "I can't see why in thunder the Commission gives big jobs to so many of these darned tropical transportation men, anyhow. They're a wild, card-playing, soft-shirted lot and most of 'em couldn't even get a job braking on our roads in Canada," and he glared around challengingly as he brushed the dust off his trousers.

"I'll tell you why, if you're anxious to know," said a long, lean conductor who belonged to a material train loading track supplies and who was generally known as Lanky. "They're all-rounders, that's why. Now, what can you do besides run a train? What's your talent, or mine either? You're a conductor, and you've been a brakeman afore that, runnin' a gilt-handled string o' Pullmans over a billiard-table road an' speakin' the King's English. That's all right, but when you get beyond that, why, you side-track—you ain't got no clear."

"What's that got to do with it?" growled the kicker, jamming the tobacco down in his pipe-bowl.

"Everything," responded Lanky. "A tropical tramp can mostly run a train from either end, can get up on the engine an' run that, brake, flag or fire, act as conductor, wrecker, tracklayer, grader, or take over any other old job there's ever been in railroadin', an' besides that, he can take care of himself where the mosquitoes are big as sparrows an' talk to the spick-a-dees in their own seven different kind o' lingo. That's why the tropical transportation man is holdin' down such a bunch o' the best transportation jobs on the zone to-day—that's why he's king o' the I. C. C. pike. Paste that in your hat with my regards." And with the word he swung on to the tail-board of his engine as she took the main line again at an eighty-mile clip.

Colon, with its constant coming and going of steamers and trains, its vast, cosmopolitan, floating population, presents more the appearance of a great mining camp than a civilized city. Its main way, Front street, formerly called Calle Cristobal Colon, is a miniature Bowery, up and down which from dawn till dark tramps a miscellaneous collection of nationalities. You have the swarthy Greek with his head wrapped round in his folding turban; the red handkerchiefed Italian, and the shuffling Chinaman; the black-faced, jabbering West Indian negro, the corduroyed Spaniard, the bronzed and coatless American with his negligee shirt open at the throat, and in riding breeches and leather leggings His sl too, are

STATUE OF COLUMBUS AT BALBOA PRESENTED TO THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA BY QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND

often rolled up and show his red and tanning arms, for to go back home to the girl he left behind without a picturesque coat of sunburn would be folly indeed. He generally wears the soft slouch hat or the Stetson sombrero pitched recklessly over one eye, and drawn up abruptly to a poke, Mexican fashion. Why he should wear riding breeches and leather leggings in this hot climate, suitable only to the man whose business takes him horseback afield, is a mystery, but it seems to have become the style, and every new clerk or employee immediately upon arrival gets himself up that way.

To sit on the wide veranda of the Hotel Angelini in front of the railway station at Panama and watch the crowds circulating through that public structure is certainly entertaining. On a Saturday evening, or a Sunday, it's like a corner in the Grand Central station in New York. Such a hustle and bustle, rush and commotion!

Rickety cabs, backed up against the curb, form a long line down the street, while every saloon in the vicinity engorges and disgorges thirsty swarms. Two big automobile buses come and go with a great deal of honk-honking, and the sidewalks and the street are black with moving pedestrians.

Angelini is an Italian, with a red face and big moustachios. He can mix a swizzle or a cocktail that is a creation. His time dates back to the French days, when he had to beg for his meals. I asked him what rent he got for the small house nearby, occupied by a bar-hotel.

"Four hundred dollars a month, gold," he answered, smilingly, "paid in promptly on the first morning of the first day. Four years ago I bought it for $1,600 gold. To-day I could get $25,000 for it."

"That's like getting money from home," I told him. "But let's have another of your swizzles."

Now, you have to behave yourself if you're an I. C. C. employee—that is, while you're on the zone. You mustn't get drunk, nor gamble, nor do anything else that is really wicked, or you'll right promptly find yourself on the carpet. But human nature, being perverse, wants to do the forbidden thing just as soon as it's forbidden. So, when the end of the week comes round, the result is that all the wickedly inclined employees slide into San Cristobal or Ancon, and stepping over the imaginary boundary between the zone and Panamanian territory, "cut loose." On Monday morning they go back to work—if they're able.

"Do they gamble on the Isthmus?" a man asked me in Kingston one day. "Well," I answered, "a little!"

One of the most striking things to the visitor who crosses the Isthmus by railroad is the manner in which the line is maintained in cleanliness and order. On either side the woods have been thinned out, and the grass kept neatly trimmed, while hundreds of little drains and ditches carry away the waste water. The stations and section houses have been renovated and repainted, while not a blade of grass is allowed to spring between the rails. When the Government took hold of it, there was only a trail through the woods with two gleaming rails occasionally shining out through the jungle. To-day it is a double-tracked road reminding one of a stretch on the New York Central.

Mosquitoes? Of course there are, but they do not abound as formerly. The clearing of the forests, the cutting of the long grass, the filling of the swamps, the oiling of stagnant pools have discouraged them. Against those that exist, the houses and offices of the I. C. C. are all thoroughly screened with fine-mesh copper netting.

At the beginning of canal operations the Administration Building, facing the plaza in Panama City, was the daily working place of one hundred and fifty clerks. And one after another they began to sicken with yellow fever. Every time one was carried out the entire building was fumigated from cupola to basement. This was no small or inexpensive job, the building being double and four stories high, with numerous apartments. It took fourteen barrels of disinfectant pow-

der and ten cases of bar sulphur every time, at a cost of between $600 and $700.

Double doors were placed at the lower exits, and between these, in office hours, janitors were placed to burn precautionary smudges, so that any mosquitoes that might slip in between the opening and the closing of the doors would be effectually killed off. Nevertheless, with all this, the clerks continued to fall ill within the building. The doctors were puzzled, to say the least. Where did the mosquitoes come from? Where did they breed? It took some time before the discovery was made.

THE TROUBLES OF THE TROPICAL ENGINEER ARE MANY. OLD "AL SMITH" HAS JUMPED THE TRACK ONCE MORE

One day an inspector, poking in an old cupboard on the ground floor, where the copying boy placed his letter books and other utensils pertaining to such work, came upon an old, disused copying brush receptacle, thrust well back in the corner, and half filled with stale, dirty water. This dish was found to be a veritable breeding nest It was estimated that not less than five hundred mosquitoes were fostered there during the night, and many of them filtered out and spread through the building. From the rafters and ceilings they would come down and bite someone

* * * * *

The man in the north, the man in the States, looks for facts and figures, for results, and immediately raises a howl because these facts and figures are not to his liking. "There must be [illegible] somewhere," he cries excitedly, "when such a showing is made on such an enormous expenditure. Something must be rotten in the State of Denmark."

If he has not visited the Isthmus he may not know of the great preliminary works—the vast preparatory operations to house, feed and take care of the health and government of from 35,000 to 40,000 canal employees, the houses, villages and towns built; the reservoirs, bakeries, schools and mills erected, and the establishment of the most efficient hospital system ever operated in tropical America. Not only is the bodily health and comfort of the men provided for, but also their spiritual needs are taken in charge at various Y. M. C. A. establishments stretched across the [illegible]

there are regular resident chaplains and priests, who minister to the wants of the sick and convalescent. These chaplains not only extend spiritual consolation and communion, but read to and write letters for the patients. On Sunday they hold public service and school.

Everyone who has read anything concerning the early days of the Panama Canal construction has heard of the great quantities of waste material left by the French along the line of the railroad and canal, engines, dredges, derricks, barges, cars, tools, etc., representing thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of stock and plant. Some of the Belgian engines and tipping flatcars have been repaired and put into service, but the great bulk lies grass-covered and neglected, just where it was left when the French went away.

"Why not sell it?" asks the visitor. "Why not ship it north? Why leave it go to further waste where it is?"

Well, there are two reasons why. First, every car and engine belonging to the work is occupied from morning till night and cannot be spared from more important work for any such salvaging. Second, the proceeds from the sale of this old iron, as well as anything else sold on the Isthmus by the I. C. C. (with the exception of the commissary supplies, which evade such obligation by taking refuge under the concessional Panama Railroad) would go directly into the treasury of the United States, and would not in any way swell the available funds of the commission.

It is estimated that the big artificial lake or dam at Gatun, over which so much controversy has occurred (the dimensions of which are 8,000 feet across, a half-mile thick at its base, and one hundred and seventeen feet high, and the contents of which will flood an area of two hundred square miles) will take at least one year to fill. This dam will back and control the water thirty-one miles up the Chagres River, which has been known to rise seventy feet in twenty-four hours. In flood times the Panama Railroad at this point has been forty feet under water.

To sum up, you must visit the Isthmus to realize the magnitude and complexity of the work, its gigantic combination of systems, its busy atmosphere, its institutions, its laws, its homes and its amusements. It is a world of its own, whose principal object is to excavate dirt, and meanwhile to live, eat, drink and be amused.

There is no place in tropical America where office holders and employees are better paid, better housed, better taken care of, or enjoy greater advantages. The salaries of the train men, for example, are most liberal, with an increase of five per cent. after the first year's service, and an additional three per cent. for each succeeding year until the increase aggregates twenty-five per cent. of his monthly rate. Six weeks holidays every year on full pay are granted each man, with an additional thirty days' leave in case of sickness. Eight hours' work a day, with two hours off at midday, and all work done at five in the afternoon (or if there is overtime, corresponding pay for it) make the lot of the tropical tramp in Panama pleasant.

I asked Monty—he was a division dump superintendent at Tabernilla, and I'd just been introduced to him—if he was satisfied with his job, living conditions and the rest of it. He made a picturesque figure in an old slouch hat, khaki riding clothes, long drooping moustache and regulation leggings. His face and hands were burned the color of a Mexican saddle, and he knew every inch of the canal from his connection with it in the old French days. There wasn't a two by four republic in all Central or South America into which he had not ventured, and he spat out fluently at least five languages.

"Satisfied with my job?" he asked; "satisfied with my job? Well, I'd be most blankety-blank hard to please if I wasn't. Yes, most blankety hard to please. I have as good a salary as I ever earned at such work, an excellent house for my wife and family to live in, with water, light and rent free, and free coal delivered at my kitchen door when I ask for it. I'll bet there ain't less than a thousand dollars' worth of furniture in my house," he

concluded, "and everything taken into consideration, what more can a man want?"

I had to agree with him that he had reason to be satisfied, but investigation proved that he was only getting the same as other married employees whose record showed six months satisfactory service.

All this is as it should be, however, and there is reason for it. Life on the Isthmus is not all gold, milk and honey. It is hot and monotonous and languid. The middle-aged man who spends eight or ten years of his life there may find that at the termination of his employment that he is unfitted physically to take up again the strenuous struggle for position and existence in the big cities. He must therefore be sufficiently well paid during his tropical career, to enable him to lay away provision for the arrival of such a day. He is eminently entitled to the highest remuneration and consideration.

The young man, when his term is finished, may go further down south into the new construction lands, but then again, he will be up against Spanish-speaking people, and along the Isthmus one cannot to-day pick up Spanish as in Mexico, Cuba or Porto Rico. The Spanish-speaking people of the Isthmus—that is, the educated classes—are lost in the crowd. That is why Canada and "God's Country" generally are getting so much attention among the younger set, who have not yet caught the spell of the torrid zones, nor the sweet sound of the home language, the sanity and beauty of that better-ordered life in the broad and healthful world of the north.

WHEN THE COWS ARE COMING HOME

BY CY WARMAN

COME, my love, and let us wander
'Cross the hills and over yonder;
We shall find the tangled trails we used to roam;
Where the distant sea was moaning
And the honey bees were droning
In the twilight when the cows were coming home.

Hear the tingle, tongle, tangle of the bells,
As they dingle on the downs and in the dells;
O'er the meadow in the gloam
See the cows are coming home;
Hear the dingle, dongle, dangle of the bells.

O, the sweet forget-me-never,
I should like to live forever,
Never more than two months either way from June;
Where the cherry blooms were falling
And the silver bells were calling
Through the twilight of a summer's afternoon.

With Aviator No. 6 by H. M. Egbert

SYNOPSIS

Anne Ives, an adventurous Winnipeg school-teacher and daughter of the disinherited son of the Comte d'Yves of Clichy, goes to the Coronation, and on shipboard makes the acquaintance of one Leopold Magniff, the reprobate son of a Paris banker. The elder Magniff, who is an enemy of Anne Ives' grandfather, has in his possession certain bonds bequeathed to Anne by her father. Magniff, ignorant of her identity, reveals to her his scheme to get the bonds from his father, and is defied by her. She attends an aviation meet near London, and impulsively makes a flight with a mysterious bird-man, "Aviator No. 6", in his monoplane.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAN IN THE BUFF BOOTS.

I meet old friends and enemies at the Coronation and forget to look at the King.

ESTELLE was half hysterical when she got home to our London lodgings after my venture [illegible] the monoplane of the unknown aviator. When she [illegible] scolding me.

[illegible] continued, when we were settled in her room that evening. "It made my blood run cold, to see you up there, a tiny dot in the sky, circling round the grounds. What [illegible] man. Who was he, I wonder? How [illegible] had got hold of your name——"

I thought you told me that you [illegible] weekly. The fact was that a realization [illegible] scolding was more than half justified.

[illegible] Agnes. "And a Frenchman, too. You know what sort of reputation Frenchmen have."

"My father was a Frenchman," I answered, coldly.

Estelle kissed me. "Well, my dear, I'll say no more about it," she concluded. "And I must confess you certainly were a mascot, for you won a big prize for him. He ought to have offered you a share in it." Her face lit up. "Ah, doubtless that was why he hurried away afterward without waiting to speak to us—he didn't want to divide with you."

"It is not true," I exclaimed hotly. "He was a gentleman. He knew instinctively that I would not have accepted any share in the prize. He —

But my protests died away upon my lips. The fact is, I was furiously angry with the unknown; angry first, because I had so impulsively permitted that any flirtation on the part of a complete [illegible] then again because of the [illegible] nature of his departure [illegible] without [illegible] my name. That was no way to treat Anne Ives, who [illegible] as good as she got, and better, and was not used to cavalier

treatment. Smarting under the sting of my humiliation, I longed for another encounter with the unknown that I might prove to him that he had held me in too cheap estimation.

A few days later, on the very eve of the Coronation, an answer came from the Lord Chamberlain to the letter which Estelle Christie had sent him, asking for seats in the Abbey as the accredited representative of Cedar Plank, Iowa. It was of the most formal character, and briefly regretted that he had no seats in the Abbey to place at her disposal. Estelle wept after she had read it.

"It isn't for myself I care at all," she sobbed. "But how can I ever face the citizens of Cedar Plank, Iowa, again, and say that I could not obtain permission to witness the Coronation, when they have elected me a special delegate to represent them, by a plurality of seventy-five?"

Estelle had been so sure of obtaining leave that she had not even purchased a seat upon any of the high stands that had been erected throughout the city, from which one could at least obtain a view of the procession. Now it would be impossible.

I had an inspiration.

"Listen, Estelle!" I exclaimed. "Do you know what I have always found? That if you want anything done for you you must do it yourself. It's no use applying to anybody else. Dangers exist," I continued, rising to a heroic pitch, "just to be conquered. Let us apply in person at the Abbey doors."

"But suppose they turn us down," said Estelle, ceasing to weep and regarding me with eyes wide with wonder.

"Then, at least, we shall have tried before accepting defeat," I answered, bravely. "But we shall not fail. No, I am confident of success. Have I not told you that I am a mascot? I always bring others luck."

Estelle began to catch the contagion of my mood. "We will," she cried, her spirits rising with the rapidity of the thermometer after a thundershower on a warm day. "We'll start to-morrow early, so as to be an hour ahead of time."

I laughed her to scorn. "Come here!" I cried, and dragged her to the window. "Do you see those poles, hung with decorations? Do you hear those drums in the distance? Now, do you see those barricades? All London is filled with soldiers and police. To-morrow it will be a series of enclosed boxes. Nobody will be able to stir beyond the limits of his street. No, Estelle, we start to-night."

And so we did. For Estelle was, to me, as clay in the hands of the potter. That is the advantage of knowing what you want; it is the secret of power.

"But, suppose we get separated in the crowd," she suggested meekly.

"Then," I answered, sternly, "we shall each find our way home as best we can."

Estelle slipped off her wedding ring.

"Anne Ives," she said, with some spirit, "you may be stronger willed than I, but I am a married woman, and it is my duty to chaperon you. If I go with you, you shall wear this for your own protection." She placed it on my finger. "Now I feel more content," she sighed. "I feel that I have done my best to protect you against this madness of yours."

For she had already forgotten that it was she who had been the prime mover in our undertaking.

We slipped out of the house and made our way cityward. Dawn found us waiting in a dense crowd as close to the Dean's Yard entrance to the Abbey doors as a triple line of policemen would permit. We had stood there for hours; we had been jostled and mobbed, our hats were askew and our dresses crushed; but we were in the front rank of the spectators, and even the hundreds on the grand stands, that had been built close to the Abbey entrance, could see no more than we. By ten o'clock we were scarcely able to stand.

"Is there any chance of getting in to see the Coronation?" I asked a mounted policeman, as he backed his horse into me.

He laughed out loudly.

"Not much there ain't, Miss," he answered. "W'y, all the seats was allotted weeks ago, to peers and their ladies and the foreign princes and nobles. Folks like you and me can't see nothink."

"The impudence of the creature!" murmured Estelle, bridling in her new-found British dignity. "If I had you in Cedar Plank, ——"

"Hush, never mind," I said. "Listen! Here comes somebody!"

A murmur that came out of the distance swelled into a cheer, which, taken up by those in our vicinity, announced that the procession was approaching. Of course the main body of the participants in the ceremony entered the main doors of the Abbey; at the Dean's Yard entrance, where we were standing, the "lesser fry" came in. Nevertheless, their presence was sufficiently imposing, their uniforms and robes awe-provoking, and the equipment of their carriages alone, I could see, impressed Estelle, who was more used to motor-cars and buggies than coaches with out-riders. The crowd closed in round the dignitaries whose vehicles pulled up around the Dean's Yard entrance; but the police quickly massed themselves into a solid phalanx in front of us, and I could only perceive, through the occasional spaces in their blue ranks, the strangely-clad ministers and lesser envoys of foreign states who were not permitted to join in the main processional. Each was saluted with ringing but half ironical cheers as he descended from his carriage and strode to the entrance, where, after a glance at his card of admission, the watchful guardians made way for him. So dense became the crush that we were swept off our feet, tossed hither and thither, and even the police could barely keep their ranks. Suddenly the cry went up:

"Pickpockets! Look out for your purses!"

I clutched at my hand-bag. Thank Heaven I had it still, tucked away safely inside. Hastily I inspected the contents. Yes, there lay my precious $500. And there was the key to the safe in the vaults of Magniff & Co., Bankers, of Paris, where lay my Panama bonds which were so eagerly sought by Magniff, junior, and his villainous associate, Zeuxis. I clutched my purse tightly in my gloved hand, resolved not to let go of it.

"Why should those people enter when we are excluded?" murmured Estelle, plaintively. "Look, look, Anne," she exclaimed, grabbing me excitedly. "They're letting black men in! Isn't that a shame? Black men, with towels about their heads, and we kept standing here. What shall I tell the folks at Cedar Plank?"

"Estelle," I answered, speaking from some curious interior conviction, "we shall yet find some way of entering. I am a mascot."

She glanced at me incredulously, yet with the pathetic confidence of a small child. Although full ten years older than I, she felt the dominance of my own purposeful nature. I am not lightly deterred from my intentions. And just then, while I was wondering how to make good my foolish boast, I saw an acquaintance.

The police, as I think I have said, had temporarily lost control of the crowd and had been forced back until they were lined up against the carriages which brought up the rear of the procession. At this moment a carriage halted quite close to us, and its occupants, seeing that it would be impossible to drive up closer, descended, with the object of making the few remaining paces of the journey to the Abbey doors afoot. One was a tall, distinguished-looking old man, with snow-white hair and mustache, attired, like the younger man upon whose arm he leaned, in a rich military uniform. A broad sash crossed his breast which was covered with orders; he wore a cavalry coat, riding breeches and a pair of the highest, widest buff riding boots that I have ever seen, rising far above the knees and ending in wide, gaping, cavernous tops in which, I thought incongruously, he could have concealed his luncheon quite easily. And the younger was my unknown aviator!

They descended from their carriage and surveyed the mob with some

"ESTELLE", I ANSWERED, SPEAKING FROM SOME CURIOUS INNER CONVICTION, "WE SHALL YET FIND SOME WAY OF ENTERING THE ABBEY. I AM A MASCOT."

curiosity. Evidently, I thought, the older man represented his government in some military capacity. Then who was the other who had masqueraded as "Competitor No. 6" at the South Northwood aviation grounds? He was quite simply dressed in a silk hat and frock coat; he might have been anybody. They halted immediately in front of us and began conversing in French.

"It is well, Charles," said the elder, "that we did not bring your mother with us. She could never have forced her way through this loyal crowd."

"We might have taken some of our friends instead," answered the younger. "Our cards read, 'and two ladies'. Who the ladies may be is not specified."

During this brief conversation the pair had been standing almost cheek by jowl with us. Angry feelings, coupled with humiliation, coursed through my mind, and I felt my face flush intolerably. I was endeavoring with all my power to edge away from

them, when, to my horror, I perceived that Estelle recognized the younger man, and heard her, at my elbow, exclaim in plaintive tones

"Oh, won't you please take us into the Abbey?"

They spun round in astonishment at this unexpected address. I saw a look of recognition come into the aviator's eyes. He turned to his companion and muttered something; both raised their hats, and, with the gallantest of bows, our unknown offered his arm to—me! At the same time the elder man offered his own to Estelle. It was all done so aptly, and took me so by surprise, that I placed my hand mechanically upon the arm that was offered me and followed the old officer and my friend. Luckily at that moment the crowd was cheering the huge, black, portly coachman of the Maharajah of Travancore, under the impression that he was that potentate himself, and so attention was distracted from the little drama in which we played our roles.

"Your presence makes this event seem like my own coronation, my bright-haired sun-goddess," whispered my escort, as we passed between two lanes of policemen.

I was so angry I could have struck him. My hair is my most sensitive feature. I have been called "Carrots" in childhood, and made miserable for days thereby, and Mary Jenner insists that it is emphatically not what the poets call "auburn". That horrid little Mr. Spratt, too, who was so smitten with me, had roused my ire one evening by an untactful allusion which was meant to be complimentary. But I had never before been mocked by a stranger, by a man whose name I did not even know, whom I had met once only, and then as "Competitor No. 6" in an aviation contest. Did he suppose American girls to be so shallow and foolish as to accept these half-baked compliments for genuine? I loathed and hated him then more than I had ever hated anybody before.

However, being a Frenchman, he had the perspicacity to read my emotions in

"Forgive me if I offended, Mademoiselle," he said, humbly. "If you delay we shall not be able to gain admittance. See, that policeman suspects us. Let us go in."

I let him draw my own arm through his own. A fatal indecision possessed me. I own I did want to see the Coronation, and I wanted Estelle to do so too, if only to save her reputation in her native city of Cedar Plank. Then, too, I was faint from the long standing in the sun, and hardly in full possession of my faculties. As I moved onward toward the Abbey doors, a pace behind the elder man and Estelle, suddenly the cry "Pickpockets" was raised again. I clutched my purse tighter. And then, while I moved on, half conscious, eager only for the cool seclusion of the interior of the building, as in a dream I saw the evil face of the Greek Zeuxis swim before my eyes. The man brushed against my companion. I thought I saw his hand go to his breast pocket, as though to search it. It was the act of a moment; I could not be sure that he had really robbed him, and then the recollection of it was driven from my mind by the most humiliating catastrophe.

Zeuxis swept past me; there was a little rush of spectators; somebody struck my hand, and my purse flew from it and disappeared right in the hollow top of one of the old gentleman's buff boots. And he walked on serenely unconscious of the disaster, carrying with him my $500 and the key to the vault which held my Panama bonds!

Suddenly the murmur of a thousand subdued voices broke upon my ears, and a grateful coolness relieved my tired eyes. We were within the Abbey, marching up one of the aisles as though by right equivalent with that of the five hundred peers and peeresses in brilliant robes, who sat dandling their coronets upon their knees and looking uncommonly commonplace and unimportant in that vast Gothic building.

While my mind hurriedly ran through all the possibilities of my situation, the elder gentleman bowed Estelle to the seat which the usher offered them and ceremoniously departed, to take up his station at the side of the French ambassador, among a little group of foreign dignitaries near the high altar.

He brushed past me in his high buff boots—and, for the present, at least, my purse was lost to me. I prayed fervently that his duties did not call for his kneeling; I would not trust my property even among the peers and their ladies, should it roll out of his boot-tops!

Well, for the present there was nothing to be done. My escort sat between myself and Estelle, who peered ecstatically toward the altar. We two had not a good sight of the proceedings, but we did not care. We were engrossed with the novelty and piquancy of our situation—at least I know I was, even though my hatred for this man was becoming insupportable.

Whether or not I actually saw the crowning of King George I have not the smallest idea. I know the organ pealed and tenor voices sang anthems, and that from time to time we rose upon our feet and then sat down again. In that kaleidoscopic series of changeful coloring, those swaying, moving, loyal crowds, we were as solitary as travelers in a desert of prismatic sands.

"Will you not tell me your name, sun-goddess?" besought my companion. "I sought you everywhere that afternoon; I was disconsolate—"

"You sought me?" I answered, sharply. "Why, you had not the common courtesy to wait until I had recovered from my fright."

"Fright?" he repeated. "It was the change of temperature that made Mademoiselle faint, not fright."

This was ingenuous; in spite of my hate of him, I felt slightly mollified.

"Why didn't you wait?" I asked, and then hated myself for having asked it.

He hung his head, quite like a boy.

"I'll tell you, sun-goddess," he answered. "The fact is—my grandfather is one of the French military embassy, you know."

So that was his grandfather! I had thought the old gentleman his father. He looked hardly over sixty.

"My grandfather is eighty-four," he said, smiling, as though he read my thoughts. "When you have favored me with your name I shall tell you our own; it is a name well-known in the annals of France. On account of some pride of his—you know he has old-fashioned ideas, sun-goddess—he desired that, if I insisted on flying, I should do so incognito. Besides, though I have no official rank here except that of an army captain, I am really here on quite an important mission on behalf of the French Foreign Office. You will understand, therefore, how essential it was that, on the eve of the Coronation, our name should not become the common property of the public. Accordingly, I hurried away to change my clothes after the flight, being sure that when I returned to the grounds, unrecognized, I should find you there and be privileged to offer you my most respectful thanks and homage. Imagine my chagrin, then, to discover that you and your companion had disappeared. I was disconsolate."

"You thought more of your machine than you did of me," I said, and next moment I could have bitten my tongue. I hastened to add that it made no difference to me.

It was bewildering, the medley of emotions that this young Frenchman inspired in me. Hate was predominant, but yet, perhaps because of my own French blood, I found his presence stimulating, inspiring. He was so different from Mr. Spratt!

"And now, you will favor me with your name, that I may present my grandfather, will you not, Mademoiselle?" he asked.

"My name," I answered, "is Anne Ives. It is a short one, but it serves all useful purposes."

"And—pardon me if I am presumptuous, Mademoiselle—but you are an American, making a journey to England unchaperoned, doubtless in accordance with the customs of your charming countrywomen? My mother will be delighted with you. Permit me to offer you my card."

He handed me an oblong piece of pasteboard, slightly larger than the cards that our men use, engraved with a long name which I could not at first discern, owing to the dimness of the Abbey after the glare of the hot streets.

But I hardly glanced at it. I had not yet recovered from the sense of humiliation which he had inspired in me; and I thought he needed a further lesson. So I gave him one.

"No doubt such personal interrogations are the custom in your own country, Monsieur," I answered him. "Therefore, I will not only tolerate them but will give your further information." In my agitation I had unconsciously stripped off my gloves, and, as I did so, there flashed upon my eyes Estelle's wedding ring, reposing calmly on my third finger. My companion saw it at the same instant that I did.

"I see," he said, in a voice curiously constrained, "that my use of the term 'Mademoiselle' was a trifle premature."

"Monsieur is entitled to draw his own inferences," I answered haughtily.

My triumph was complete. Now for the denouement! What would it be? Should I enlighten him? Of a truth, so bewildered was I by the complexity of my feelings that I did not know what I was going to say or do. I fingered his card idly and waited.

As I did so, for the first time I read his name, and I grasped at the air, seeking to save myself from falling. For the name upon the card was that of the Chevalier d'Yves, of Clichy, Normandy, my half-cousin, and his companion was our common grandfather—the man who had turned my father out of his home and sent him to Canada to suffer poverty and despair!

The old hate rose up in my heart again, gripping me so tensely that I could utter no word. I crumpled the pasteboard in my hand and passed out of the pew. I have since come to the conclusion that the Archbishop was just then placing the crown upon His Majesty's head, for I remember that people looked at me, scandalized, as I staggered down the aisle toward the door, and that some cried "Hush!" after me. I remember the blaze of sunlight that beat on me, the eager voices without, the calls for my carriage. Somehow—how I know not—I forced my passage clear of the crowd, seeing and hearing nothing distinctly, crossed Parliament Square in the face of a hundred policemen, and at last found myself, at mid-day, in a deserted street close to the Thames Embankment.

Even then I did not at first remember that I had lost my purse and key.

CHAPTER IV.

I SELL MY BIRTHRIGHT.

Showing that it it is sometimes possible to dispose of what you do not have.

"Well, Anne," I said to myself, "you certainly have managed your affairs splendidly. Here you are in London, without a penny, and, worse still, without the key to the box in the Paris vaults which contains your fortune."

Angry tears came into my eyes. My scorn for the man who had disinherited my father, and for his grandson, the Chevalier, had hitherto supported my spirits; but now, in this realization of my extremity, I felt crushed down by my misfortunes. Oh, why hadn't I taken the advice of my room-mate, Mary Jenner, and waited until we could all make up a party to go to England at the close of the school year!

One thing was clear; I must make my way to Paris at once, key or no key, satisfy the banker Magniff as to my identity, and recover my bonds. Doubtless, at a pinch, he would offer me a fair price for them—enough, at any rate, to make the $500 that I had lost look small. And—this thought buoyed my spirits wonderfully—I should thereby thwart his scoundrelly son Leopold's scheme and prosecute his own revenge against my relatives.

I made my way back to the boarding house. Estelle had not yet returned. When at last she arrived, several hours later, desperately tired but radiant, she clasped me in her arms in a delirium of gratitude.

"Anne, you have saved my reputation," she exclaimed. "If we had not gotten into the Abbey, through the kindness of your mysterious aviator, I should never, never have gathered courage to face the folks at Cedar Plank, Iowa, again. Oh, Anne, do you know that old man is a real Count, and a general in the army? But why did you run away?"

"I had no wish to continue the acquaintance after I discovered who our friends were," I answered coldly. "The Count, as you call him, and my father were not on speaking terms. He is my grandfather."

"You—your grandfather?" Estelle stammered, looking at me with mingled awe and amazement.

"And I have got to start for Paris by the night train," I continued, without leaving her time to recover her breath. "Do you happen to know of a good pawnbroker round about this neighborhood?"

"What do you want a pawnbroker for?" she inquired, staccato.

"To raise the fare," I answered. "My purse was stolen to-day, and so I want to pawn my watch."

"But you can't go to a pawnbroker," she cried, still more staccato than before, and eyeing me as though I were some new species of animal. "Where are you going to stay?"

"Unless I pawn my watch, you may address my letters to the third bench inside the main entrance to the Bois de Boulogne," I answered, calmly.

"But I'll lend you the money, dear," said Estelle, her mind at once diverted to this new problem. "I've got ten pounds I have no use for." Already she was unlocking a drawer of the secretaire. She took out two five-pound notes and thrust them into my hands. "You must take them, Anne," she insisted. "We don't go back on one another in Cedar Plank. And it's only fair payment for getting me into the Abbey and saving my reputation at home."

"You dear thing!" I said, pocketing the bills. "When I get my bonds from the Paris bank I shall return this promptly."

"Where are you going to stay?" cried my companion, branching out along another trail of speculation. "Do you know what a dreadful city Paris is? No single woman should go there, nor any married one, either, until she's thirty-five, at any rate."

"How old are you, Estelle?" I asked.

"Thirty-five," she said, innocently.

I went into hysterics quite suddenly; I suppose it was the reaction from the strain of the morning.

"Now, dear, if you go to Paris, do go to the Pension Anglais," she insisted, when she had shaken and slapped me into sanity, and bathed my face with eau de cologne. "Promise me that and I know you'll be well looked after and come to no harm."

"I—I—I promise," I gasped weakly. "But one thing I won't do," I continued, pulling off her wedding ring. "I—won't—wear this."

And then I realized that, instead of laughing, I was crying. And for my life I couldn't tell why, unless it was with anger against the man who had humiliated me.

I had the greatest difficulty in persuading her to let me depart. Especially she insisted that the wearing of her wedding ring would be necessary to my safety in the French capital, of which, not having yet been there, she entertained exaggerated and, I secretly believe, delightful fears. But somehow I eluded her well-meant intentions of detaining me, and eight o'clock found me at Charing Cross station, waiting for the Dover train.

I had ten minutes leeway, and strolled idly up and down the platform, watching with interest the various travelling types. There was a party of Frenchmen on their way home after the Coronation who interested me in particular. The faces of more than one seemed half familiar to me, and especially I found myself regarding a tall Englishman, immaculately attired, who, evidently in the guise of interpreter, went busily from one to another, settling difficulties, labeling baggage, and generally smoothing away the little troubles of their journeying. Turning suddenly as I was passing, he almost ran into me, stopped dead, and lifted his hat. Then I knew who he was, and who these others were. They were aviators and their friends, and he was the chief steward, with whom I had exchanged words at the aviation meeting the week before when I volunteered to ascend with the Chevalier d'Yves (then unknown to me) in his monoplane.

"My dear Madame, why in the world didn't your husband call for his prize?" he ejaculated, pulling out his pocket-book. "I've carried it with me ever since, trusting to run across him. And do you know that to this day I haven't learned your name? Ah! that was a spectacular flight of yours. And clever —deucedly clever!"

"My husband?" I answered, feeling the blood run into my face in the most embarrassing manner.

"But didn't you know that he failed to claim the prize of five hundred pounds that he won by his remarkable flight?" he asked. With that he extracted an envelope from his pocket-book, which he handed to me with a formal bow. "With the compliments of the committee," he continued. "And now, if you would enlighten me as to the identity of your delightful husband——"

"But he isn't my husband," I panted, terrified. "My name's Anne Ives, if you want to know, and it's no business of mine who he is, because I never saw him before in my life."

But he absolutely declined to believe me.

"Oh, oh, Madame," he said, smiling and shaking his finger at me. "It was a deucedly clever scheme to pretend to be strangers to one another. It made your flight look so much more spontaneous. Of course I shall not press you——"

"Won't you please take back this money?" I pleaded. "Indeed you are under a misapprehension."

"Will not Madame keep it and hand it to Monsieur if she should happen to encounter him?" asked the secretary, blandly.

Evidently he refused absolutely to believe that I was not the wife of the Chevalier—the very man whom I hated more bitterly than I had ever dreamed I could hate anyone. The very mention of the hateful word indicating the relationship in which he thought we stood filled me with loathing. I should have flung the money into his face, but suddenly bells rang, and there was a concerted rush for the train. The guard was already signalling to the engine-driver. I dashed into a compartment just in time; the wheels began to revolve, and I sank down into my seat, still clutching the envelope. I looked inside; there were five bank-notes, of the value of one hundred pounds apiece. I thrust them into my hand-bag.

Estelle had packed my suitcase for me, and, when I opened it, a little later, what do you suppose I found on top of everything? Nothing else than that horrid little Mr. Spratt's book on the Code Napoleon, which he had so eloquently presented to me at the moment of my departure from Winnipeg. Poor little Mr. Spratt! The sight of it recalled to my mind vividly Mary Jenner, my best friend, and the life which now seemed so infinitely far away. And it was only two weeks before that I had been teaching a class of overgrown boys and girls the principles of arithmetic! If they knew of my subsequent adventures! I smiled, and then I felt the moisture in my eyes. I thrust the envelope containing the money into the cover of Mr. Spratt's book and gave myself up to somewhat painful meditation until I reached Dover.

The night passage was calm and I slept well until awakened at Calais, where we re-entrained for Paris, reaching there at an unearthly hour in the morning. Through the kindness of an old gentleman aboard the train—you know those old gentlemen who are bubbling over with altruism toward the stranger—I eventually found myself knocking wearily at the doors of the Pension Anglais. I was assigned a room by the sleepy night clerk and tumbled into bed without even troubling to undress. When I woke it was past twelve o'clock and the noise and stir of the great city was in full swing beneath my windows.

I couldn't bring myself to the performance of my mission for a couple of days. I inspected the cathedral, the Louvre, the shops; I reveled in my surroundings. Indeed, the fascination of the French capital so overwhelmed me that I doubt whether I should ever have brought myself to carry out my

purpose of visiting the banker but for a serious incident which suddenly recalled me to a sense of duty.

I was in the Louvre for the third or fourth time, reveling in the beauty of the sculpture there. I had paused before a statue of Praxiteles, an exquisite piece of work depicting the ideal of beauty, the Greek Hermes. I fell into a train of speculation. Were the modern Greeks, I thought, of the same physical type? I mused; had I ever seen a Greek? There must be Greeks in Winnipeg, but . . . And suddenly I felt that a pair of eyes was regarding me from across the gallery. I looked up with a start, to see a man in a slouch hat, attired like a guide, and yet evidently not one, since he lacked the official badge, regarding me with intense penetration.

It was the Greek Zeuxis, the villainous hanger-on of that scoundrelly Leopold Magniff!

But was it? Was not I, rather, the victim of an overweighted imagination? As I stared at him in consternation he moved with stealthy, gliding steps into another chamber. When I had recovered my self-possession and followed him he was nowhere to be seen.

The shock of this incident recalled me to the duty that lay before me. If indeed I were under espionage, it was my task to obtain my bonds with the least possible delay. I should never feel satisfied until I had disposed of them and taken the train and boat back to England. For the first time I regretted Estelle's absence. My loneliness was appalling; I felt as though some dark, ominous cloud of danger hung over me.

Early the next morning I sought admission to Leopold Magniff, Senior, in his banking house upon the Avenue. I had anticipated some difficulty in seeing him, but for some reason or other I was admitted almost immediately to the inner room in which he sat alone, surrounded by ledgers and account books. He was evidently toiling as industriously as any of his assistants, for he looked up, nodded the barest greeting, and went on writing.

Five minutes later he put down his pen.

"Now, Mademoiselle, I am at your service," he said.

And I told him my story, to which he listened with an impassive face.

I had not thought before of the improbabilities in it. Yet, even as the words left my mouth, I found myself stumbling for explanations and halting like some conspirator concocting a clumsy fabric of falsehoods. Indeed, when I desisted at last, confused and stammering, there was the ghost of a smile upon the old banker's face.

"I congratulate Mademoiselle upon her perfect knowledge of French," he answered, and took up his pen again.

"Well, Monsieur——" I stammered.

"Pardon me?" he responded, looking up as though I had just stated a new proposition to him.

"You will let me have my bonds?" I asked.

He smiled again; then frowned slightly.

"I am very busy, Mademoiselle," he answered. "Why do you not see my friend, the Baron Rothschild?"

I felt the color blazing upon my cheek.

"You don't believe me?" I cried, angrily. "You think I am an impostor?"

"My dear Mademoiselle!" he protested. "Do you mean seriously to press this ridiculous claim on me—me, Leopold Magniff, with fifty years' experience of men and women?"

"I certainly intend to obtain my property," I answered.

He pressed the tips of his fingers together and looked at me thoughtfully.

"If Mademoiselle insists upon my investigating this claim, the consequences may be serious for her," he answered. "Frankly, I have no money for you. It is too fine a day to spend indoors. Go, see the wild geese in the Bois."

I strode forward and stood at his side, quivering with anger.

"Listen to me, Monsieur," I cried. "You think me an impostor. Very well, investigate my claim. If I prove fraudulent, hand me over to the police. If I speak the truth, give me my bonds."

For the first time he became serious.

"My dear Mademoiselle," he protested, "let us assume, then, for the moment, that your story is true. Can you produce anyone who is able to identify you here?"

I shook my head; I was too much enraged to speak. Yet he spoke fairly enough.

"Good. You say that you have come from Canada to claim your bonds. From Canada, observe—a week's journey by a fast steamship. You have no references, no papers. And you have not even the key. Not even the key," he repeated. "And you say the key was stolen from you at the Coronation!"

He seemed about to burst into a fit of laughter, repressed himself with difficulty, and suddenly turned to me.

"What is the number of the safe in which your bonds lie?" he asked.

"No. 667," I answered promptly.

He rose, took down a book from a shelf, and studied it for a moment, turning the pages swiftly. Then he returned and seated himself beside me again.

"But, Mademoiselle, do you not see what difficulties lie before you in attempting to establish your claim?" he demanded. "First, you must prove your identity indisputably. And then —even if you establish this—we must have a duplicate key manufactured. Our strong boxes do not open so readily as you seem to believe."

"Tell me, Monsieur," I hazarded, as a new thought crossed my mind, "if one had the key—would it be feasible to enter the vault and take one's property from the safe?"

"Entirely feasible," he answered. "That is, by day. By night none can pass the watchman at the steel gates under any circumstances. But so secure are our locks, so impossible is it to manufacture a key which will fit any of them, that any person having a key and knowing the combination could unlock any box by day—always provided he had the key. By the way, what is your combination?" he asked, keenly.

"It is printed upon the key," I answered. "No. J1025 P. That means MWRO Clichy."

He collapsed in his seat as though he had been shot and began to eye me furtively—morosely.

"You really are an extraordinary young woman," he said. "Be frank, Mademoiselle. You wished to show me that you have knowledge of part of our cipher. You wish to sell your knowledge."

"For the last time," I screamed, in exasperation, "I am neither a thief nor an impostor. I want my bonds."

He looked at me as though he could hardly believe the evidence of his ears.

"I know what agitates you," I pursued, seeing my advantage. "It was the mention of the word Clichy. It recalls to you the home of the unhappy victims of your revenge."

"Mademoiselle!" he cried, starting up, only to sink backward again.

"Listen, Monsieur, and let me explain to you," I said. "During the voyage to England, I made the acquaintance of your son, who was a passenger on the same steamship. Not knowing who I was, he made to me the proposal that I should join him in a scheme to obtain these bonds—from myself! That we should procure them at a nominal price by deceiving the victim as to their value; then, that by threatening to dispose of them at a moderate rate to the Comte, or in some manner to place him in possession of them thereby enabling him to pay off the mortgage you hold over him, we should force you to purchase them from us at an enormous rate, or lose your mortgage, and, with it, your hold over your enemy. Yes, he told me everything."

"Miserable scoundrel!" cried the old banker, in amazement. "And you told him, Mademoiselle——"

"I characterized him precisely as you have done," I answered.

To be continued

EDUCATION, RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR, HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO THE MEN OF THE FRONTIER THROUGH THE READING CAMPS. TO THIS CAMP, FORTY MILES NORTH OF PETERBORO, BISHOP O'CONNOR CONTRIBUTED $50.00, AND UNIVERSITY MEN GAVE THEIR SERVICES AS INSTRUCTORS

The Reawakened Church

By Shailer Mathews

Illustrated with Photographs

THE Church has always stood for education. Go across the United States and you will find few institutions of higher learning that were not founded by religious denominations. Even our great state universities will be found generally to have received their original impulse from a group of religious men who believed however, that the state as well as the churches had obligations to fit men for the higher experiences of life. Did not Horace Bushnell help plan the University of California?

But we should not misunderstand this educational impulse of our forefathers. Colleges were established not primarily for the teaching of denominational tenets. They were established to insure education to the children of the families of some denomination and make it certain that such education should be in an atmosphere sufficiently Christian to insure the morals and the religious life of the rising generation. In some cases it is, of course, true that these colleges gave some instruction in denominational tenets intended for those who were going into the ministry, but an examination of old catalogues will show that, while the fundamentals of Christianity were taught sectarian-

ism was not a dominating or even a frequent element of the curriculum.

In the process of time these denominational schools have lost even the semblance of denominational instruction. They are denominational in the sense that they are the contribution which a given body of Christians is making to the cause of higher education. True, a distinction must here be made between colleges which are immediately susceptible to official control, like the Roman Catholic and certain Lutheran schools, and the mass of colleges in which denominational control is hardly more than formal. Thus, for example, such great institutions as Brown and the University of Chicago, while formally Baptist, cannot be controlled by any official of the denomination. Their denominational character consists in that members of their board of trustees and their presidents belong to the denomination. Similarly, too, many an admirable small college—as Haverford, an institution of the Friends—though with some denominational limitation as to trustees, president or faculty, is farthest possible from teaching any particular theory.

But this revision of sectarianism has not meant indifference on the part of the denominations concerned. Within the past few years the various churches have put a vast amount of money into their colleges and academies. The General Education Board, of which Dr. Wallace Butterick is secretary, has proved of great influence in standardizing the various institutions, and, thanks to its conditional gifts, there has been a very large increase in the amount of money given to these denominational schools. Their faculties, although, by what seems to be an unnecessary caution on the part of Mr. Carnegie, not eligible to the retiring allowances of the Fund, are equal to men in any school of corresponding grade.

These Carnegie retiring allowances have proved, one might add incidentally, a considerable motive for the elimination of denominational control from charters and deeds of gifts. In some cases a college like Bowdoin, in order to enjoy the advantages of the pension fund, has given back funds to which denominational provisos were attached. The situation has developed some very interesting anomalies, and the distinction between so-called denominational colleges and undenominational colleges has become generally a matter of words. For instance Oberlin College is classified as an undenominational institution, and the University of Chicago as a denominational. The one, including its theological seminary, is on the eligible list; the other, with an express proviso of religious liberty for its teachings, is not. Such anomalies, however, are bound to arise under the present condition, but they do not testify to any lack of regard of Christian communities for their educational institutions. The very colleges which have surrendered formal denominational control in order to have their faculties placed on the eligible list for the Carnegie retiring allowances, continue almost without exception under the direction of members of the religious bodies by whom they were founded and have raised large sums of money among their denominational constituents.

What is true of colleges is true, although to a considerably less degree, of academies. Most denominations have their academies in different states, but the need of such institutions is proportionately less than that of endowed colleges. The reason for this is clear when one considers the steady improvement in the high schools, maintained by the states. There are advantages connected with boarding schools of the preparatory grade, and some of these are deservedly prosperous, but their number is not likely to be increased and the work of the denominations in any given state is being concentrated more on their colleges.

There are of course, schools in which religious narrowness still exists, as in the case of a certain college, the trustees of which dropped the ablest member of its faculty because of certain remarks made in a Sunday school class. But a rather wide knowledge of these denominational colleges has convinced me that within them the instruction is

MENDING OF NETS IS AN OCCUPATION THAT HAS BIBLICAL PRECEDENT BEHIND IT. THESE BOYS ARE LEARNING TO MAKE HAMMOCKS IN A VACATION SCHOOL SUPPORTED BY THE CHURCH

as free as any rational person can demand. In fact, in a number of instances, college presidents have complained to me that in certain departments the spirit of free inquiry was overemphasizing some of the difficulties in religious belief.

But the educational influences of the Church are by no means limited to the colleges and academies. There is the Sunday school, which gathers millions of pupils every Sunday. Any person practically acquainted with the Church knows that the Sunday school just now is receiving more attention than probably any phase of church activity. No institution has been more frankly criticized by its friends, and, speaking in a general way, no body of men have taken criticism more seriously than those who are associated together in the shaping of Sunday school policies. These men are not radical reformers. At the start of the agitation in favor of Sunday school reform they were, to say the least, cautious; but in the same proportion as they have seen that the efforts of so-called reformers are really constructive and not merely captious doctrinaire criticism, have they followed in the lead of the newer and more scientific ideals of religious education. Thus within the past four years the great International Sunday School Association has adopted the principle of graded lessons and has energetically gone about the reorganization of Sunday schools everywhere.

Teacher training has been systematically introduced by several of the leading denominations, and the quality of the so-called lesson helps has steadily risen. It is now possible to procure a complete series of text-books for graded Sunday schools prepared as in the "Constructive Bible Studies" (the University of Chicago Press) by some of the leading biblical scholars of the country. In addition, we have now a rapidly increasing literature of really serious pedagogical worth, the first fruits of a new interest in religious psychology and education. The theological seminaries are taking up these new studies, and already a number of them have established chairs devoted to investigation and instruction in these lines. Furthermore, seminaries of the better sort are giving their students the benefit of new social conceptions of religion and are training them to be something more than dogmatists.

One great agency, but by no means the only one, has been the Religious

Education Association, a body now numbering something like two thousand members, whose first convention was held in 1903. It is one of the creations of the foresight of the late William R. Harper. It numbers among its members many of the most prominent educators of the country. In organization it is modeled somewhat [illegible] National Education Association, and conducts no small amount of investigation and discussion in its various departments. Its conventions are among the most notable of the year, and it is concerned not alone with the Sunday school but with the entire group of educational influences in the country. These it seeks to make ministers of moral and religious character. And at the same time it seeks to introduce into religion educational methods.

Other educational forces are the American Bible League, which is endeavoring to offset the influence of the Religious Education Association and maintain the traditional belief of the inspiration of the Bible. So far as can be discovered from its publications, the League is desperately in earnest to maintain what it regards as the faith once delivered to the saints, but has no particular conception of the educational significance of the Church. The American Institute of Sacred Literature, with several thousand students enrolled among its classes, is the outcome of interest of many men associated with biblical study. Its great work is the popularization of the historical method of Bible study and the maintenance of reading courses.

The young people's societies also are developing thoroughly educational machinery. Such societies are beset by one incurable danger: their members grow old. And in the same proportion as the first enthusiasm of organization has passed, have they found themselves increasingly in need of definite educational programs. In some cases they have become an educational force in the churches, parallel with the Sunday school. They issue volumes for study on many moral and religious topics, and their influence is undoubtedly great in the dissemination of knowledge regarding the Bible, the organization of the Church, the rise of Christian doctrines and the social significance of Christianity.

Another remarkable educational movement is concerned with missions. The days have passed when an appeal can be made to the churches to save millions of heathen from an angry God. The appeal is now made on the broader basis of the social, educational, moral and religious needs of the men in heathendom. More than that, there is developing a missionary ambition very different from that of the man who seeks simply to make proselytes. Among the more effective missionaries the attitude toward the old religions is one of discriminating appreciation, and the effort is made to show that Christianity conserves all that is good in the ancient non-Christian religions, while supplying motives and truths which these other faiths did not possess.

Such a change in attitude, in large measure the outcome of the study of comparative religion, has necessitated an entirely new method of interesting the constituencies which supply the funds for mission endeavor. Despite the most unbelievable ignorance on the part of those who caricature mission work, Christendom is growing increasingly intelligent as to mission policies and results. The laymen now go to the East to see things for themselves. And laywomen as well. The other day a young woman, just returned from a journey around the world, said to me: "When I left home I thought mother would visit the mission stations and I should stay in the hotel reading novels. But I have come back a mission enthusiast."

If the critics of missions would attend the various institutes held for the education of the rank and file of church members, they would be impressed with the sanity, and one might almost say, the scientific attitude, of mind on the part of these new promoters of Christian expansion. A new literature of the highest type is being issued. The Forward Movement is issuing a series of books which are marvels of compact information about the various people to whom Christianity is to be brought,

as well as about the problems which beset the church at home. This Forward Movement is extending throughout all the various denominations and the missionary meeting is being supplemented by mission study circles. Such study is in itself a liberal education, for it brings home to a Christian community the political, social, economic, educational, as well as moral and religious conditions of the non-Christian people. There is many a woman in a little country church who knows more about the world than a globe-trotting college graduate.

All this new interest in the educational aspect of missions which has grown up within the last decade if not within the last five years, is being supplemented by a new educational movement in the Church looking toward the development of an intelligent interest in the social problems of our own country.

Here, too, as I tried to point out, the Church is attacking its problems with new enthusiasm and influence. Some of the best literature of the hour on social questions is being issued as educational material for the churches. I need only mention the series of pamphlets issued under the direction of Mr. Stelzle, of the Presbyterians, and the series of brochures appearing from the Social Commission appointed by the Northern Baptist convention. But such publications are merely typical. Text-books are being issued intended to interest the Sunday school and young people's societies in these social questions. And to-day as never before church activity is being intelligently directed toward an increased intelligence.

If one stops to consider the deeper implications of these facts I have mentioned it must be apparent that in Protestantism the day is past when loyalty to the Church is to be determined in ignorance. True, there are many branches of Christianity who have no ambition that their members should be informed about the ways of the world, particularly theological and scientific questions. The churches which are actually achieving results are those of a different type. Just as we have come to see that a successful democracy compels the education of citizens, have we come to see that the power of the Church will ultimately rest upon the intelligence of its members. To this end the Church is devoting its new freedom of teaching; its regard for scholarship; its determination to popularize the sort of education that will best prepare men to benefit the world.

A PRAIRIE NOCTURNE

BY KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

A sense of space and freedom and fresh airs;
A thousand thousand stars above my head—
The night-wind, moving through the withered grass;
And gophers popping up to say their prayers.

Mister Drums, Arnykist

By W. D. Eaton

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

"FOLLERIN' any business fer sixty years an' up like I bin follerin' this one," said the old circus man, "you're bound to see a hull lotta changes. In most cases, they're improvements. In the show business they ain't.

"What's that? Wha'd I mean by show business? Hain't you never been learn—Say! Show business is anything with a price of admission—circus, county fair, theayter, opry, movin' pitchers, arc-tick explorers, scientific lectures, airship meets, spiritchool seances, *or* ejicated pigs. The biggest is the circus, an' it useta be the best. When I look back an' think of what a circus was then an' what it is now—Aw, what's the use!

"The' always was diffrunces between the people in diffrunt parts of a show, an' the' is yet, and always will be. The ring performers kep' by theirselves, an' never noticed the animile men, and the animile men didn't have nawthin' to do with the sideshow people, nor nobody didn't have nawthin' to do with the canvasmen, ner them with the kinkers, an' so on. But over 'em all was the paste brigade, that handled the printn; an' fer years an' years, in the Own an' Only Greatest, I was the biggest man in the organization, bein' in charge of that. On accounta my position, I could be in with all or any of 'em without hurtin' my dignity.

"That accounts fer my astonishin' knowledge of human nacher, in the business an' out. Bein' next to the gov'ner, I was the second one of the three reel ropes in the show, an' I knew all kinds. Had to, so much depended on me. An' of all the queer things—Say!

"One band useta be enough. Now the's several, split up when we make procession, but mostly massed together fer the grand performance. Hearin' the band-practice this mornin' an' the row the drums made, 'minded me of the flosfer that run the drums in our band once, a long while ago.

"He was a spindly thing with big, weak eyes an' a nose that was both thin an' sharp, an' no more chin than a rabbit. But he had a bulgin' forehead an' a case of dispepsy, an' he pervaded around the lot all the time he wasn't on duty, tellin' everybody what a greedy world this was an' what he was goin' to do to reform it. He was one o' these arnykists, I guess, fer he was always preachin' in that wheezy voice he had, that no man has got a right to have any more money than everybody else has. He didn't have no ejication, an' what he done to the English grammar when he got a-goin' strong was worth comin' a long ways to hear. He was the most all-round ignorant man I ever seen, but gabby, like all ignorant people is.

"'When we git our rights,' he says

to me one day, 'we're goin' to make everybody put all they got into one pile, an' divide it up so't everybody will git an even share. That,' says he, 'is justice. Nobody won't have no share no bigger'n nobody else.'

"An' when I ast him what he was goin' to do with his share, he answers like a shot, and says, says he,

"'Spend it!'

"'An' when you've spent it,' says I, what'll you do then?'

"'Git another share,' says he.

"I thought he'd got it framed up fer easy money, but he hadn't, because he said that anybody that didn't work wouldn't be allowed to have no share. He was goin' to keep on workin', himself, but not with the drums. He'd picked out the job of sooprintendin' the share-pile, an' handin' out jobs to other fellers. There was the Rawthchilds an' the president o' the Bank of England an' a few other of them wealthy plootycrats that has to keep private chiropodists to trim their hands where they get calloused from cuttin' kewpons. He had 'em all down fer jobs of playin' the drums. I never seen any man as sore as he was on the way he made his own livin'.

"'Look at it,' he says to me wunst, when I was sympathizin' with 'im to draw him out. 'Look at it. Every instrument in the band but me has got his score in front of him, with all the others 'round, an' music cues to go by, an' rests that a infunt could count, an' only one instrument at that. An' there's me, with the snare-drums, an' the kittle-drum, an' the base drum, an' the zillerphone, an' the triangles, an' the cymbals, an' the zobo, an' the chimes, an' sometimes a whistle, er a gun to fire off fer a sharp effect. I got all the instruments that makes a rattle er a clang er a bang er a boom. An' I gotta be there with arey one of 'em on a cue so quick that if I miss it long enough to say 'zim' I git fined fer bein' asleep. An' jever see the score fer the drums? It'll be 'bing! brrrr!' an' then a rest where I gotta count ten, fifty, maybe a hundred an' fifty bars, an' be there with a boom-bang-cling on maybe three seprit an' distinct instruments, by the stopwatch. If I wasn't the greatest drum artist in this er any other world, I'd git fined so hard every performance I'd be owin' money to the management all the time.

"'It ain't so much playin' the instruments that wears me out,' he says, 'as the mental strain,' he says. 'Sometimes,' he says, 'I sit there countin', countin', countin', till I think the mental strain will turn me into a maniac. I wanta git up an' howl,' he says. 'Say,' he says, 'I useta git some relief drinkin' beer after the show,' he says, 'but that's only tempry, an' I got such a weak stomick from usin' my brain so much lookin' at that score with one eye an' the leader with the other, an' countin' like a autommytum clock at the same time, that beer distresses me awful, an' I can't hold enough to smooth down my nurves. Only relief I can git,' he says, 'is to go out on the lot nights an' holler, but I ain't got no voice left no more. Strained my throat,' he says, 'by follerin' the music inside of it, with my lips shut,' he says. 'I don't envy no rich men,' he says, 'because when we git organized they'll git theirs. But my brain-storms with the instruments of pro-cushion,' (that's what he called his aggregation) 'and my follerin' the music insida my throat,' says he, 'has wore out the nurves o' my vocal chords,' he says. An' he reelly did have a awful weeny voice.

"I useta ketch 'im sometimes standin' all alone by himself, on one foot, lookin' down at the ground, an' thinkin' he was thinkin'. He made me think of a Secretary bird we had one time in the animile top, that was the dumbest lookin' brute on the lot, but he was always hatchin' up some scheme to git out an' start things. That there bird would stand a hour on one foot, with one wet-paper eye-lid down, an' then shift to the other foot an' open that eyelid an' let down the other, an' keep his feathers all loose, so't you'd never dream he had anything on his mind. But all the while he was figgerin' a way to git out. An' he'd *git* out. First time, he done it by secretly pickin' away the wood around the ends of two

bars' an' when everything was shut down fer the night he broke 'em out an' snuck along next the canvas till he come to where the elephunts an' camels was roped in. He had a cone-shaped beak about eighteen inches long an' as sharp as a awl at the free end, an' with the swing o' that long neck of his he could drive that beak through a sheet iern plate, let alone a elephunt's leg er a camel's. Talk about ver rich man's trouble over gittin' into the kingdom of heaven, as taught in the Sabbath schools. That there Secretary bird could a showed 'em something. He wouldn't a had no trouble at all in drivin' through the knee of a idol.

"The' was the most awful trumpetin' down at that end that night—trumpetin' an' snortin' an' squealin' an' spittin'—'at ever was heard under canvas. An' it got the lions an' tigers awake an' goin', an' the monkeys an' the giant cockatoos from South Amurricky joined in, till the hull show was one tremenjous uproar, an' everybody come a-runnin'. Some o' the hands was bedded under cover down the middla the ring, an' when I got there it looked like a circus-hereafter of the bitterest kind. It took a dozen hands with nets an' a tarpaulin' to ketch Mr. Bird, an' even at that he fought like a fanatic before they got 'im back in his cage an' nailed up. That department was hoodood fer two days afterwards, from pure fright. We put a metal floor on the cage and iern frames fer the bar-sockets to set in, an' he was quiet fer a month—thinkin' up another scheme, an' lookin' like a melloncolly hermit all the while. He worked it, too, by peckin' a hole in that metal floor, an' we had the hull thing over again. We beat him at last by gettin' everything he could reach from the inside replaced by chilled steel. But his midnight labors didn't stop until he'd wore his beak blunt, an' unsettled it where it joined his head. Then he give up, an' spent the rest of his disappointed life standin' first on one foot an' then on the other, with his feathers all scruffed up, thinkin'.

"Well, this here drummer always made me think of that bird, when I found him standin' alone in the dark, hop-footed. If I was to say anything to him on them occasions, he'd always start in about the distribution of wealth an' property, mixed up with complaints about his stomick an' the loss of his voice.

"About the time I thought he was due fer the dippies sure, we signs on a new man, to announce the acts, instead o' the ringmaster. It was one of the first of these new, novel an' original innovations that has pulled the circus down to its present level of press agents an' performers insteada printn an' animiles an' a good high tone fer moral towns.

"This feller musta weighed about two hunderd an' eighty or over. I ast him his heft wunst, an' he said, 'twenty stone', an' I let it go at that, but it 'minded me of a Irish farmer I seen back east one day, weighin' a pig. This Irishman balanced a rail acrost a fence an' hung the pig on one end an' a bag fer stones on the other, an' when he'd filled the bag with stones enough to balance the pig, he guessed how much the stones weighed. I suppose that was the way this feller found out he weighed twenty stone.

"He'd been a ring-fighter, but he'd got too old an' logy fer that, bein' about thirty-five, an' he had a voice that he coulda blowed a safe with. He would stand at one sida the ring, half way down the tent, an' call off the acts in a way that made the top bulge overhead an' set the lions in the next tent cowerin' against the backs of their cages. An' he done it so easy, a deef man standin' next an' lookin' at him woulda thought he was jest talkin' to himself. Never swelled a vein, ner raised a flusha color in his face.

"First time he was on, was a afternoon performance; an' the very first echo of his first words was a clash of cymbals an' chimes in the band stand, an' the thump-thump of a bass drum bouncin' down the seats. I looks over that way, an' there's the drummer's head poked excited over the instruments in front of him, with his face all white, an' his eyes bunged out like a fifer's.

"AN' THEN MR. VOICE HE [illegible] UP UNDER THE E PHANT'S EAR AN' THROWS ALL HIS G[illegible] ONE TREMEND[illegible]

"The leader does a frenzy-dance at 'im, an' pulls out some of his own hair, fer the announcement was a cue fer an entrance that called fer a rollin' crash, an' it was up to the drums to git the effect. Old Mr. Drums gits aholt himself an' the crash comes in all right but all through the performance I see his mental strain is overworkin' itself, tryin' to count his bars an' watch that big-voiced feller at one an' the same time. I bet he was fined enough that day fer the breaks he made an' the cues he missed, to keep a poor fambly a month.

"Well, anyhow. He gits stuck on this ex-pug, on accounta that boomin' paira lungs. I'm a little gone on it musself, son, fer all it was outa place in a moral show. That voice sounded like all the giants on the face o' the yearth hollerin' into all the empty hogsheads.

"Why, wunst when we had trouble with a 'must' elephunt so bad we was afraid we'd have to kill it, this Voice guy comes around an' says he can fix 'im. So the Old Man tells 'im to go to it, an' he has them draw out the chains that was on the elephunt's legs, an' rope his trunk, an' then he has the keeper lift up an ear with the hook, an' he gits his mouth up under that ear and throws all his genius into one tremenjous [illegible] An' that there insane elephunt jest gives one convulsive sprad[illegible] an' falls to tremblin' like a scared child; an' they never has no trouble with it afterwards. That one bellerin' word knocked all the murder and all the spunk out of 'im, an' the sight o' Mr Voice afterwards always give[illegible] of the shakes.

"Old Mr. Drums with nawthin' but a assmatic whisper, he falls fer that voice so flat you can see the gra[illegible] through 'im. Gets to follerin' it around when off duty, an' buyin' beer fer it, an' first thing you know, they're the glue-brothers

"But Mr. Voice, he's bin on th[illegible] shower-cart a year or so, an' the beer gits him a-goin'. This comes out one night when he wades into a buncha raise-'er-backs around the stake wagons where the Drums had took him, an' was doin' a arnykist spiel. I don't know what touches it off, but the's a clemmin' match goin' pretty soon that sets the boss canvasman to tappin' a guy rope, an' when it's all over them rough-necks is piled up in a stack like cord wood, an' Mr. Voice is callin' fer more to lay on top of 'em. It takes a dozen of the strongest hands we got to give 'im the frog march to his own place, an' I got all I can do to talk 'im

into cheesin' it till mornin'. In the mornin' he's as mild as a warm rain, and don't remember nawthin' about it.

"After that clemmin' match, if there was symptoms, I'd put the police detail on it, an' it's no airy fiction to say they didn't care fer the job when one come off. The word would go out that he'd got his war-bonnet on, an' there'd be a break fer cover that left him an' the police plenty of room. Everybody'd clear outa that but Mr. Drums. He useta jest gloat over it, as much as he could with sech a weak stomick an' so much mental strain, but every roar that come outa the mixup seemed to act on 'im like lectristy, an' fill 'im up fuller with admiration.

"One day in a western town where

MISTER DRUMS GETS STUCK ON THIS EX-PUG, ON ACCOUNTA THAT BOOMIN' PAIRA LUNGS

'twe' was a good many Swedes an' ndahoovians. Mr. Voice declares ... general, an' there's chumult up an' down both sides o' the main street, ... uman bodies bein' catapulted ... 'em' him puttin' to shame Sampson an' the bulls o' Bashan of Holy Writ, with the police tappin' the kerbstones fer help an' old Drums hoppin' around with scandalous enjoyment, when enter from nowheres a little woman with fiery eyes an' her sleeves rolled up. She's got 'er hair twisted in a hard knot at the back of her head, an' a dinky bit of a turban hat on, with some false geraniums stickin' up an' shakin' on the top of it. An' what does she do but walk right up in fronta this deevastatin' human cyclone, an' shake a forefinger at 'im.

"'Ay ban got about enougha thes,' she says to him, 'an' you ban goneta get a big lickin', right now,' says she, all in a Swede sing-song.

"Say—everybody's stunned. The excitement stops like a boilin' pot does when you slop a douse o' cold water into it—quick. The police quit rappin', with their sticks half-way to the kerb. The hull crowd is peetrified, like Sodom's wife on the lot at Gimorra, as related in the Bi-bel, and they're all lookin' to see him gulp that little woman at one swaller. Insteada which, his hands falls to his sides an' his mouth drops apart, an' his eyes opens so wide they push his hair back. An' does he let go a poke at her? Say!

"He comes to himself a inch at a time, an' turns a slow red, an' he speaks up, as shamed as he can be, an' he says, says he,

"'Aw come now, aunt, don't start nawthin' on me here, where they can all see it,' he says. 'I'll be disgraced,' says he, as near a whisper as he can manage. 'Where's your wagon?' says he. 'Wait till we git to it,' he says, 'before you tan me,' says he.

"'Then you come along,' says she, an' if you'll believe it, she takes that holy terror by the coat sleeve an' marches him away, as meek as a lamb goes with a butcher. It takes that crowd five minutes to get its breath back. But old Drums, he follers them to

"AY BAN GOT ABOUT ENOUGHA THES," SHE SAYS, "AN' YOU BAN GONETA GET A BIG LICKIN', RIGHT NOW"

where they're goin', an' that turns out to be where she's drove her wagon into a stable yard, havin' come into town to do her shoppin' an' see the show with some of her neighbors from about five mile out in the country.

"What's the answer? Why, she reelly was his aunt, that took care of him when he was a orphan kiddo, an' didn't think nawthin' of turnin' him acrost her lap an' drivin' some sense up through his system with a fire-shovel, till he got big an' tough an' run away to be a pug. An' he hadn't seen 'er since ner she hadn't heard from him, but it all comes back to both of them at sight, an' neether of them thinks of the change. It's jest the same as it useta be when she useta lick him an' he useta take it.

"Well, here's where the pewthetic part of it comes in. Drums an' him has dinner with her, that she'd brought in under the seat o' the wagon. He heard them talkin', after she'd blowed up her nephew to ease her mind, an' it seems she's got a half section o' fine farm land out there, an' she wants this Voice thing to quit his wanderin' life an' go live with her, because his uncle is dead an' she needs a man around the place, and he agrees to do it if she'll let him finish out the season. So it's settled. An' the next Sunday, there bein' no performance, the Voice an' the Drums comes back on the railroad an' goes out to the farm an' spends the day. An' Drums finds out she's a well-fixed widder woman even if she is a Swede, an' she's got money in the bank, an' everything clear, an' she's a corkin' fine cook.

"End o' the season, they go back to that farm together, Mr. Voice not havin' to insist very hard on Drums goin' with him fer a visit. But in a month old Voice got tired o' the country an' declared himself in words to that effect, as the feller says, and deeparts abruptly. But the aunt, she ain't carin'. She's got stuck on Drums as a man of sooperior intellect and a professional artist with a growin' appetite an' a appreciation of good cookery, an' they've fixed it up fer him to quit the show an' take up the management of the farm fer life, in the character of Mister Aunt. That is, to git married. An' so it was arranged, an' carried out in accordance thereto, as the

lawyer says. An' whaddya think, son?

"Two seasons afterwards, we're makin' a one-day stand in that same town, an' who drives in but Mr. Drums an' his wife, she jest as grim an' determined as ever, but him all fattened up and filled out so I didn't know him at first, an' they has me out at the farm the next Sunday. I certainly did enjoy the eats, fer they was great. But old Drums, he got me rollin'.

"I never did see, before ner senst, a man so fewrious about property rights and arnykists an' socialists, an' all them other isters that wants to kick over the law an' take everything you got away from you an' divide it up. His vocal chords had come back to 'im through the let-up on his mental strain, an' he didn't play a thing on 'em but one long spiel about the pressin needcessity fer maintainin' a large an' strong military force to protect the people from them poisonous revolutionists an' robbers that couldn't stand fer anybody enjoyin' a hard-earned prospurrity. He begun on it when he met me at the station, an' he hadn't got through when I said good-bye to him from the back platform when the train pulled out. Say—

"It makes some diffrunce what side of a thing you look at it from, don't it, what?

"Well, anyhow, old Drums is outa the circus business fer keeps, an' got out of it before it tobogganned to the press agents an' the dawgs. Wish I'd quit it then musself, but I don't suppose I ever will. What'd this show do without me? Wouldn't last a week. I can't be a hawg."

NOCTURNE

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE bee to the hive, and the bird to the nest,
And the weary sun to the waiting west;
The open bud to its close again,
And sleep to the heavy eyes of men.
Night bringeth the hour of all the best—
It bringeth the babe to mother's breast.

The owl to the tree, and the stars to the sky,
And the silver moon to its journey high;
The beetle lurcheth in humming flight
While the firefly flasheth across the night.
Then cometh the hour of softest charms—
It bringeth the babe to mother's arms.

The night foldeth in as a drapery soft
As the far perfumes that the breezes waft;
The world is there—but we are here
With lullaby, lullaby, low and clear.
Night sendeth the hour of all apart—
It bringeth the babe to mother's heart.

Suspecting Oliver

By Arthur R. Andre

Illustrated by George A. Faul

"MY DEAR, I HAVE JUST GOT AN INSPIRATION FOR A FAÇADE"

MRS. EVERETT ushered the stranger politely off the premises, and watched him from the front window till he disappeared around the corner of the block. Not only was she not angry, she assured herself, almost convincingly, and with no little heat, but she didn't believe a word the man had said to her. She was a slender little woman, dark-eyed, quick in her movements, the kind that is always doing something, and is always thinking of something else to do. She ran into the hall to 'phone to her husband.

"Number, please?"

The cold, businesslike tones of the operator almost frightened her. What was she about to do? Inform her husband that a detective had called and had coupled his name with that odious Brethwaite woman?—tell him that the man had suggested he would bear watching?—tax him with infidelity, when she believed in him with all her heart and soul?

"Number?" demanded Central again, quite sharply.

"South 239," she answered helplessly. There were the usual buzzing and distracting noises in her ear, and then:

"Hello!" greeted a familiar voice.

"It is I, Mildred," she temporized.

"Yes?"

What was she to say to him? What could she say to him?

"Yes?" repeated her husband, a trifle impatiently.

"Take me to the show to-night, Oliver," she replied at last—it was the only thought that came into her mind. "The theatre. . . . Yes, any theatre." She hung up the receiver and slid weakly into a chair beside the telephone. "He'll think that some one cut me off," she murmured to herself uneasily, and a minute later: "The idea," she cried aloud, "suspecting Oliver!"—and she forced a nervous, uncertain, quavery little laugh.

She never had been really happy till she married Oliver, she lamented to herself despairingly, as if all her happiness was now behind her.

He had purchased the little house on the hill, to please her, so that she could get along without a servant—girls are so careless and undependable, her thoughts trailed off—and he had let her choose all the furniture herself. Of course, it wasn't easy to do everything, but by planning, and keeping at it, she managed famously. And she "loved" to plan. To-morrow she must find time to take up the rugs in the bedrooms and Albert's playroom. And the next day, she must wash and starch the curtains, early, so that she could get them up again by night. And the next day—— She stopped short. She wasn't thinking about her household duties at all, or, rather, she was thinking about them only superficially. Deep down in her heart she was recalling, word for word, what the detective had said to her about her husband. She wouldn't have minded so much, she told herself, in a burst of resentment, if she had been a "gad-about" or a "sloven," even if the story that the man had told her about Oliver was true, which it was not. . . . But what was she doing, sitting there with her hands folded idly in her lap? She ran into the kitchen and laid the cloth for the child's supper, and running upstairs after the table was laid, got out the dress she was to wear that night to the show.

Albert came in. He stood on a stool at the sink to wash his face and hands. He combed his hair before the kitchen mirror; and, comb and towel and stool restored to their proper places, he put on his bib and climbed into his chair. Mrs. Everett always wanted to hug him as he went through this routine—to-day, for some reason, more than ever. She ripped and basted and sewed at the alterations she was making in her dress; she watched the child at the table; and presently, as her mind grew more composed, she glanced absently about at the familiar appointments of the kitchen—the snowy drain-boards, scoured to a soft, satiny finish by her own little capable hands; the polished nickel faucets in the sink; the ruddy copper pans, agleam in an orderly row above her head; the stove, with its polished steel fittings; and, behind it, extending beyond the sink to the pantry door, the cool, refreshing expanse of white glazed brick. She wasn't thinking about these things exactly, as she plied her needle and thread, but somewhere in the recesses of her mind they were present, ministering to her peace and contentment. The odious detective and the still more odious Mrs. Brethwaite were out of her thoughts entirely.

"Why doesn't papa stay home nights?" asked Albert, helping himself to a slice of bread and butter.

His mother looked up with a start. All the old hateful suspicions were back again—and reinforced, and besides, she couldn't help wondering who could have put the thought into the child's mind. "Your papa works nights in his office," she answered evenly.

"Every night, mamma?"

"Yes, dear—almost."

Albert was silent for some thirty seconds, as he thoughtfully chewed a mouthful of bread and butter, and then:

"Mrs. Leavitt says that's all you know!" was the bomb-shell he exploded.

Mrs. Everett gasped. A number of replies to the impertinence rose to her lips, but none of them were suited to the understanding of a child of seven—so she stitched on.

"She said it to Mrs. Gregory," continued Albert, mercilessly. "I was playing with Sammy Leavitt and Buster in her back garden, and I heard her." He sipped his milk slowly and methodically to insure digestion—another lesson that had been drilled into him—and watched his mother to note the effect of his words.

"Who else were you playing with this afternoon?" she asked him quietly, without looking up.

The child climbed down from his chair and picked up a crumb of bread that had fallen upon the spotless kitchen floor. "Billy Weeks," he replied, "and Leonard, and Tony Fosbrook." But the continuity of his thought processes was not to be thus easily evaded:

"What did she mean?" he asked with appalling directness.

"I—I don't know, my dear," Mrs. Everett replied, quite taken aback. "I mean that I can't very well explain to little boys. And now," she broke off hurriedly, "I'm going to step across to Mrs. Hamilton. Your papa and I are going to the show to-night, and I want to find out if she can look after you while we are away. Run outside to play when you are through," she called back to him. . . . And when she returned again the child was gone.

She lighted the gas under the heater to take a bath, and laid out the rest of her clothing upon the bed. After all, she told herself, the gossips across the street had merely hinted that Oliver might be spending his evenings elsewhere than in his office, and she only had the detective's word for it that he had been seen in the widow's company at all. She resolved to put all unworthy doubts and suspicions away from her, at least till she should receive confirmation of the detective's story. She had reached this laudable determination, and was about to decide the important question as to which hat she was to wear that night to the theatre, when a familiar footfall sounded on the walk.

It was Oliver. She recognized his step immediately, and besides, he was coming around to the back door—Oliver always came around to the back door. Then she heard him fastening the screen-door carefully behind him, and walking across the kitchen and along the hall. "I have the tickets, Mildred," he announced at the foot of the stairs.

"Can you get something to eat for yourself, Oliver?" she called down to him. The running of the water in the bath-tub drowned his reply, but she knew very well that he could; and a minute later she could hear him passing and repassing across the kitchen floor—clearing away Albert's plate and glass and laying a knife and fork for himself; for, of course, the dining-room was always reserved for "company." . . . Now he was going to see what there was in the ice-box. Well, there was half a chicken, and some potato salad, and a cold apple pie—he would do very well, she thought. Now he was brewing himself a pot of coffee; for the fragrant aroma wafted up to her; and now he was drawing his chair up to the table. . . . By the time she was out of the bath-room she could hear him moving about again—stacking up the dishes in the sink, shaking the crumbs out of the kitchen door, and—she could almost see him—folding up the tablecloth and putting it away in the drawer. How many husbands were there on the hill, or anywhere else, for that matter, she asked herself proudly, who were as thoughtful and considerate about the house?

And then, while she was braiding her hair, without the slightest reason in the world, so far as she could see, everything that she had ever heard or read about faithless husbands, all that the detective had said and hinted to her about Oliver, every tormenting doubt and suspicion that she had been holding at arm's length since that gentleman's unwelcome visit came trooping back to her. Men loved to deceive their wives. It was a feather in a man's cap if he could make his wife believe that he was wholly devoted to her, while at the same time he was carrying on an "affair" with some other woman. And, immediately, the wraith of Mrs. Brethwaite, albeit a very substantial wraith — double-

chinned, plump to fatness, over-dressed and suspiciously fair of hair—rose in her mind to torment her. Meantime her husband had finished dressing. She had almost finished dressing herself, and she was quite ready "to be buttoned up the back," but she would have died rather than call upon him for aid just then. So, with much contorting, and not a little grimacing, she contrived to button up her dress herself. "*She* couldn't have done it!" the little lady reflected scornfully. It was necessary to arrange her hair again after the feat had been successfully accomplished, but that was a small matter. She was ready at last, and leaving her husband to lock up the house, and hang the key on the nail for Mrs. Hamilton, she started up the garden path towards the gate.

Past argus-eyed windows she walked beside her husband, dimly conscious of his unusual preoccupation, and wondering what the gossips across the street were saying. That she needed a new dress, perhaps, though the one she had on she had only worn twice before. That she laced. And she was one of the very few women on the hill that didn't need to lace. Nor did she need to massage or diet, she reflected vengefully—and she held her smooth little chin very high indeed.

"Say, Mildred," observed her husband thoughtfully, "you do look stunning to-night. We should go out more."

She wondered if this was also a part of the game to fool her, and it occurred to her that she knew nothing of what was passing in her husband's mind. Several couples passed them on their way down town, with whom he exchanged greetings—people that she had never even seen before—and this gave her a further sense of aloofness. The theatre was reached at last, and the play was *Gabrielle*.

Mrs. Everett didn't like it. There might be such women as Gabrielle in real life, she supposed, though she doubted very much if there were; but what disgusted her the most, apart from its flaunting immorality, was the unimaginable disorder which the play

the garments scattered everywhere about the floor, the cigarettes and wine, the turning of night into day—and, by contrast, there arose before her a vision of her own "spick and span" little home, with its billowy curtains, and fresh-looking rugs, and polished furniture. What kind of a home would the Brethwaite woman keep for Oliver? The question popped into her mind with alarming suddenness—and she lost all further interest in the play.

She feared that Oliver would fall into careless ways. When he came home late at night he would probably take off his shoes and leave them anywhere. On the centre-table in the sitting-room there would be a box of cigars and an ash-tray—an ash-tray in her house—and she could picture him, seated in her best "company" easy-chair, in his old slippers and coat, because they were comfortable, dreaming about his plans and specifications. She could see him look around suddenly and say: "My dear"—this to that blondined, two-chinned creature—"my dear, I have just got an inspiration for—a something or another"—and the woman would come running in, and would sit on the arm of his chair with her arm about his neck, and a cigarette, most likely, in the corner of her mouth. And the curtains—her curtains—smoke-laden and dust-begrimed—— Pfaugh! Her housewifely soul revolted.

But out of it all there emerged the thought that Oliver would be contented. What with her continual sweeping and dusting and scrubbing and polishing, her "Don't do this, Oliver!" and her "Don't do that Oliver!" she had made him feel like a stranger in his own house; she had sacrificed her husband to her home. She had even fallen out of the habit of conversing with him, except on such topics as Albert's untidiness—and Albert wasn't untidy—or the neighbors' shiftlessness—and of that she knew only by word of mouth. And while these meditations were passing through her mind, and the actors were coming and going upon the stage—dream figures, all of them, so far as Mrs. Everett was concerned—her husband sat silent beside

her and absorbed in thought. Yes, she had lost him, and she deserved to lose him, she told herself despondently. Her housewifery was all a fraud.

What was it, she asked herself bitterly, but the cheapest ostentation and display? See, neighbors, my house is cleaner than yours—so clean, in fact, that my husband hardly dares set foot in it—and that is why he spends his evenings at his office. And in imagination she could hear the gossips laugh, and see them nudge one another. And it was all mixed up horribly with the action of the play—the shameless love-making, the cigarettes, and automobiles, and beer. She hated the house and every stick of furniture in it!

The play was over. She was walking home again beside her husband, wondering dully what he was thinking about; who he was thinking about; and why he had failed to notice her distress. Presently he took out a cigar and lighted it. Then he raised his hat to some people who were passing in an automobile—strangers again, she observed—and they smiled pleasantly as they returned his greeting. She wished he was not so tall and distinguished-looking; that his shoulders were not so broad; that he was not so successful in his profession. Then perhaps other women would leave him alone.

What was she saying to herself? She didn't wish anything of the kind. What she did wish was that she had treated her husband differently, and if she had her life to live over again, she would. Curiously enough, just at that moment, a vision of Albert picking up a crumb of bread from the kitchen floor flashed into her mind. She owed him a hug for that, the little darling. And what was it Mrs. Fosbrook had said [illegible] And Mrs. Everett remembered that she had taken the remark as a compliment. Well, it should convey quite a different impression to-morrow, she told herself, grimly, looking straight ahead. And almost at the door of her own house—in the flesh, this time, and leaning on the arm of a youngish-looking man she had seen somewhere before—she beheld Mrs. Brethwaite.

Mrs. Everett felt a choking sensation in the throat as she wondered what was to be the extent of her humiliation. Would Oliver raise his hat in greeting to the woman and pass on? Or would he ignore her and her escort altogether? Would the woman have the effrontery to nod and smile, and perhaps stop and talk for a minute or two to both of them? Her heart almost stopped beating as she observed the widow's eyes move leisurely towards her husband's, and her husband's traveling carelessly towards the widow's. The two glances met—and separated, and the two couples moved apart again. Here was no play-acting, no dissimulation; her husband and the other woman were strangers. And the man she was with was Leavitt—Mrs. Leavitt's husband—the man who lived across the street—which accounted for the detective's mistake.

They had reached their own garden gate by this time, and Mr. Everett, still lost in thought, gazed absent-mindedly at his half-smoked cigar.

"Take it in the house," said Mrs. Everett.

Her husband replaced the cigar in his mouth and led the way to the rear entrance.

"The front door, Oliver," she commanded unsteadily.

And inside the house unheard-of things began to happen. She installed him in an easy-chair in the front room, cigar and all, while she ran upstairs to see if Albert and Mrs. Hamilton were all right; but she was down again in a few minutes, a suspicious redness about the corners of her eyes, and a dab of powder adorning the side of her nose. She took off his shoes, which she tossed carelessly aside, replacing them with his oldest and most comfortable pair of slippers; and she seated herself on the arm of his chair with her own arm about his neck.

Minutes passed. In imagination she could see signs of wear upon her spotless furniture; barely perceptible fingermarks, the faintest suggestion of indentations upon chairs and table-legs

—and blue-prints scattered everywhere. She made up her mind to keep a servant, since Oliver could so well afford it; and she planned a study for him, where he could work nights, in comfort — man's comfort: and she watched a thin wisp of smoke curl upwards from his cigar. What were her curtains—a thousand pairs of curtains —weighed in the balance against Oliver's happiness? He looked around.

"My dear," he remarked, "I've just got an inspiration for a facade: I've been on the trail of it all day. And," he broke off suddenly, with a deprecatory smile, "I suppose I have been rather, inattentive." He looked up.

And down his wife's cheek an adoring tear rolled silently and splashed upon his nose.

T-WHARF SAILOR SONG

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

WHEN we lay off o' Diamond Head
A swingin' in the sea,
A voice came roaring from the waves,
And the voice it said to me:

"You'll sail through all the seas again,
And round to Boston Bay,
And there'll you'll find the girl again
That cried for you to stay:

"And you'll live upon the land again,
As once you lived before,
And you'll be like Christian folk again,
And you'll go to sea no more."

No more we'll go aloft by night—
No more we'll lie below;
No more we'll freeze by Behring Straits,
Nor roast by Callao—

O snug we'll lie in Boston town
When winds go hard ashore
And brig or bark or man o' war,
We'll go to sea no more.

The Territorial Tenure of Canada West

By the Viscount de Fronsac

EVERYONE is interested in the history of the title by which he holds his land. This discloses the right of the state as underlying his own right, and defines the sovereignty of the state on the one side, and the privileges of the subject on the other.

In the very beginning, the English claimed the North-West because Hudson made his voyage in an English ship, or from an English port. But it is yet to be proven that he held an English commission, or that the ship was not his own private property, or that he was an Englishman. Long before, he had sailed under commission of the Dutch West India Company, and he is claimed by Dutch authors as a Hollander.

Concurrently with the English, the French claimed the North-West—indeed all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Their claim was based on the reported discoveries of *coureurs des bois*. But this claim was as shadowy as that of the English.

The English were the first to establish posts in the Hudson Bay district through the efforts of Radisson, Groseilliers and Prince Rupert, and the French were the first to do the same thing farther south, on the Saskatchewan, through the indomitable energy and bravery of La Verendrye. But all subsequent claims to the greater part of the North-West are derived through the pretensions of the Hudson's Bay Company. Now the principal clause of this Company's charter reads: "The Governor and Company of adventurers of England, trading in Hudson Bay be, and at all times hereafter shall be permissible and capable in law to have, purchase, receive, possess, enjoy and retain lands, rents, privileges, liberties, jurisdictions, franchises and hereditaments of what kind, nature and quality soever they be to them and their successors," etc., with the "liberty of giving, granting and conceding the same . . . . . to others".

This Company had not been long established in its posts before the French got up an expedition to drive them out, claiming a right as valid as the English. M. de Troyes, with Iberville, and a small armament in two ships, sailed into Hudson Bay and captured and razed all the forts and posts of the Company. In the subsequent Treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, the French claim on Hudson Bay and the North-West was fully vindicated, and was acknowledged by England.

Later on, in the Treaty of Utrecht, which terminated Queen Anne's War in 1713, France ceded Newfoundland, Acadia (Nova Scotia) and Hudson Bay definitely to England, without however acknowledging England's previous right to any of these possessions. It was simply the fortune of war.

Challenging the Charter.

The question comes up in regard to this territorial tenure: how could the Hudson's Bay Company, after the cession of the land to England in 1713, reoccupy it under a charter that had been granted before the Peace of

Ryswick, which acknowledges the land to be French territory? Did or did not the Treaty of Ryswick cancel the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company?

Assuming that the Treaty of Ryswick did not cancel the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company, though Guenin, in his History of New France, asserts that it did, on what ground alone could the charter be said to have existed through French possession from 1697 to 1713? It is presumed that the charter was not cancelled by contrary acknowledgment and possession simply, because no adverse claim to that effect was ever put forward by the foes of the Company in Canada or Britain. It is only by this silence that the assumption of continuous title is made.

The nearest approach to a challenge of the Company's tenure came from Mr. McDougal's bill in the first Canadian Parliament, in 1867, which reads:

"That it would promote the prosperity of the Canadian people . . if the Dominion of Canada . . were extended to the Pacific

"That in the event of the Imperial Government agreeing to transfer to Canada the jurisdiction and control over the region, it would be expedient to provide that the legal rights of any corporation . . . . within the same be respected and, in case of difference of opinion in regard to extent . . . the same be submitted to juridical advice."

The following year (1868) a delegation from Canada arrived in England to secure the cession of the land. The Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, Secretary of State for the Colonies, informed them that the Hudson's Bay Company, "being Lords-Proprietors, were to be treated as such, and not as parties having a defective title and fit subjects for spoliation."

On the 9th of March succeeding, Earl Grenville, the governor of the Company, at the instance of this Canadian delegation wrote: "At present the very foundations of the Company's title are not undisputed. The boundaries of its territory are open to questions of which it is impossible to ignore the importance. Its legal rights, whatever these may be, are liable to be invaded without law by a mass of Canadian settlers whose occupation of the country on any terms it will be little able to resist; while it can hardly be allowed that the terms of the charter, or its internal constitution, are such as to qualify it under all these disadvantages for maintaining order and performing the internal and external duties of government."

England Recognizes Title.

These two letters of Buckingham and Grenville point to two facts: first, that the Company was a semi-independent sovereign (Lord-Proprietor); second, that the officials had lost that sovereignty by degenerating in character from the well-born patricians whose familiarity with arms and diplomacy had in times past led them to keep a small standing army and well-garrisoned ports to uphold their rights, to the upstart servant and commercial man who had ignored the "mailed hand" and territorial sovereignty (which from his birth he could not understand), for the benefit of his private pocket-book. These ancient governors would have played a very different game with the Canadian delegation and its pretensions—much the game that their confreres, the governors of the British East India, played with the native aspirants in those parts.

As a result the Company, under its ignorant and weak officials, agreed "to surrender to Her Majesty's Government (the Colonial office) all property and rights, to be turned over to the Canadian Government for £300,000 for Prince Rupert's Land . . . . and a promise of the confirmation of all titles of land granted by the Company up to the year 1869."

Before this, in 1749, Arthur Dobbs and associates had applied for charter for a new Company, and for the rescinding of that of the Hudson's Bay Company on the following grounds:

I.—"That the Company had not discovered nor attempted to

discover, the North-West Passage into Southern Seas.

II.—"That they had not extended their settlement into the limits given them by their charter.

III.—"That they had designedly confined their trade into very narrow limits;

"(a) Had abused the Indians;

"(b) Had neglected their forts;

"(c) Had ill-treated their servants."

But the Company had filed papers in rebuttal disproving many of these accusations, although the main one they could not answer, namely: that they had confined themselves to the shores of Hudson Bay and discouraged agriculture because of its incompatibility with wild animal life, which is the base of the fur trade.

The acceptance by the Canadian Government of title to the land and the sovereignty thereof for value received in money, removed the last doubt which had been flung at the validity of the Company's tenure and the legality of its charter, for if they were not valid and legal—and the British officials assured the Canadian delegation they were not—why pay for them at all?

All doubts having now been removed to the continuity of the Company's charter from the time of its creation through the French period of 1697 to 1713 (so far as British minds are concerned it remains to be seen on what ground that doctrine of continuity rests.

It rests on that established principle of international law, recognized by every treaty-making power in the world, that when territory is ceded by one sovereign state to another, all grants of land and privileges (unless otherwise mentioned) which have been made by the ceding power are held equally valid and inviolable by the acceding power. During the French period (1697-1713), had the Hudson's Bay Company chosen to transfer itself to France, it would have found that its rights under the crown of France would have been deemed equally as extensive as under the crown of England. The French crown, it is true, might have abrogated its territorial tenure—as the British Government did with the Company's consent later—but it would have been because of alleged infractions of function, and never without compensation, and never in dispute of these universally recognized treaty rights.

If now, not only the territorial tenure of Canada West, but the terms of territorial sovereignty prescribed in the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company are esteemed to have been made valid solely through the honor of the crown of France in recognition of a precept of international law, what must be said of the obligation on the honor of the crown of Great Britain to recognize the same law of continuity of provincial sovereignty and territorial tenure derived through the treaty by which Canada, itself, is held—the treaty of cession of 1763? This treaty, according to international agreement, is the supreme law of the land.

The Proclamation of 1763.

There was a doubt honestly or dishonestly entertained among English parliamentarians in regard to the meaning of this treaty. So they passed the Royal Proclamation of 1763, entirely abrogating the ancient tenure, noblesse and constitution of the country, substituting therefor modern democratic usage. But the seigneurs threatened to rebel in 1773 and offered to join the insurgents in the American colonies unless the agreement was fulfilled, and thus the English Parliament passed the Canada Act of 1774, decreeing that: "Be it therefore enacted that the said proclamation of the commissions and grants of authority found contrary to the customs of the province established by the King of France and the Treaty of 1763, and the affirmation of this Act are hereby revoked, annulled and made void after the first day of May, 1775."

This restored the supremacy of the old tenure only in the Province of Quebec, while in reality the law ran wherever land could be claimed under the Treaty of 1763.

But the pretext of the supremacy of

the Treaty, however, would be legitimate, because it is international ethics. It must be remembered that this international faith is impressed on all who subscribe to the United States Constitution (as it ought to be on the minds of all others) in the following words: "Article VI., Clause 2 . . . .

"And all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding."

Now, when people go into the North-West, and some of their more studious politicians discover—after being balked and badgered in Dominion politics—that in point of law the British North American Act is as null as was the proclamation of 1763 where it is contrary to the meaning of the treaty of tenure of 1763, they are very likely to make themselves the advocates—so far as Canada West is concerned—of a strict treaty interpretation of the Constitution. This would give them provincial administration exactly like those of the old thirteen colonies (now the United States), for the governor, during the ancient regime, was superior to his cabinet—was its creator. The executive authority was not subordinate to the legislative, as at present in Canada. The Supreme Court was capable of nullifying a law if found unconstitutional, while at present in Canada it has no such authority over acts of Parliament. Finally the province had an autonomy under the ancient system of which they have been deprived by the British North American Act, and which the States of the Union enjoy by continuation of their prerogative from ancient colonial days. In these things, the feudal system of provincial government under the Bourbons in Canada was exactly the same as that introduced by the Stuart kings in founding the American provinces—only the American provinces, now states, have defended and preserved this system of administration, while the Canadian provinces have permitted themselves to be deprived of theirs contrary to the treaty of tenure, which is the "Supreme Law of the Land". Will the new settlers recognize the legality of this deprivation in the new provinces of the West?

THE DEAD CAMPFIRE

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

NOVEMBER gales have blown
Over its ashes
Scarlet and golden-leaves
Cold the rain lashes.

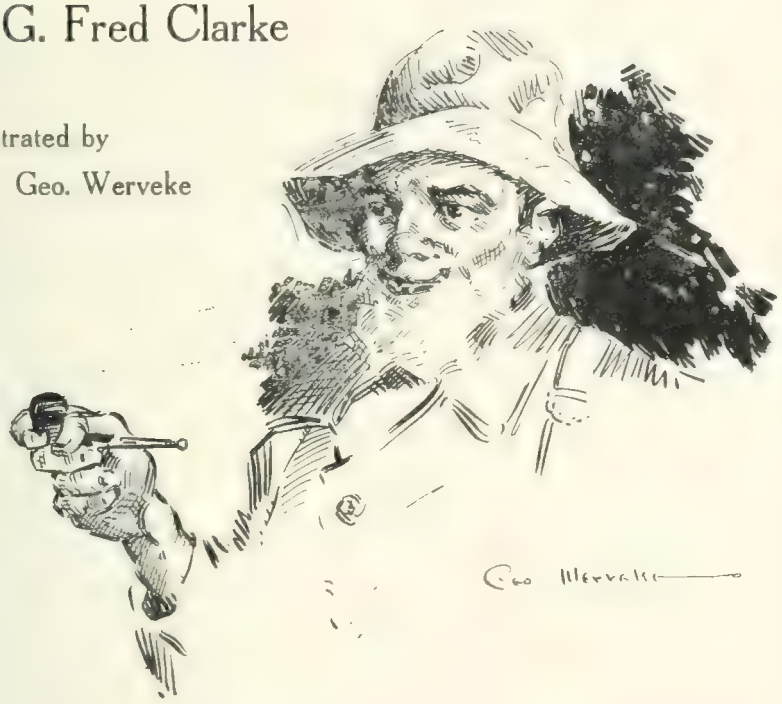
Tall are the spearmint heads
Where my love rested,
Brown-cheeked and merry-eyed
While the camp jested.

One little wren and I
Linger, sad-hearted;
Out is the fire,
My love's departed.

The Cigarette Parson

By G. Fred Clarke

Illustrated by
Geo. Werveke



THE big lumberman held his pipe between a great forefinger and thumb, and a reminiscent look crept into his grey eyes

"That reminds me of Warwick Kaley Warwick," he said slowly He made no movement to light his pipe, but laid it on the table and, taking out a very long pipe, began slowly to fill it.

"Warwick?" repeated the youth at his side. "Tell me about Warwick, Mr. Grahme."

A half dozen of us were seated about a small table on the deck of a St John river steamer that was slowly making its way toward Woodstock, and we had been telling stories all morning

The big man applied a match and took several puffs. "Oh, pardon me, Randal," he said, 'but it's too long a story."

John Grahme is one of the best known rivermen on the St. John His life has been among lumberjacks and white-water devils, and more than once I had listened to his tales. After a little coaxing this time he began, and we settled back for a treat

"The first time I saw him he couldn't have been more than twenty-five He entered my office at Woodstock dressed in a knickerbocker suit and with a tweed cap on his head. I remember well his short, quick stride as he crossed the floor. He was smoking a cigarette, which he removed to proclaim himself to be what I knew

from the first, a globe-trotter, doing the world in a specified time; selling a little book to pay expenses. 'Would I buy?'

"I gave him a dollar. Perhaps because his face, which was handsome and, in the regularity of its features, appealed to me. It was one of those having the imprint of good blood, perhaps aristocratic forbears. The nostrils were thin and seemed to quiver, so finely strung was the owner's temperament. He reminded me of a full-blooded Melicite I once met on the head-waters of the Serpentine. His eyes were small, but their brown depths twinkled with an odd, restless fire. I thought him touched with the wander-lust, and forgot him.

"Two years later—it was my last spring on the drive above the Grand falls—of course you've all heard of and perhaps seen our Nigaria of New Brunswick—we were camped for over Sunday about a hundred yards from the river. We all needed a rest. Even a beast shouldn't work seven days a week. The wannigan was moored to the river bank. The batteaux, needing only a figure-head at bow and stern to convert them into miniature Viking ships, were hauled up on the beach. The river moved with majestic force. Spruce and fir that had once graced the ridges of the upper St. John, the Tobique and the Siegas, floated with the current. The sun shone, searching the forest depths. I sat with my back against a mighty birch, watching a shy mink below me in the water displaying aquatic feats. A woodpecker across the stream began its tap-tap on a hollow hemlock. Little furry creatures ran here and there over the trees and grasses. Green lizards moved swiftly, and I watched an awkward snail creep with stately hesitancy along a tiny path at my feet.

"Suddenly, unexpectedly, uncalled for, came the sound of a man's voice singing. The mink dove beneath the water. The chipmunks ceased their chatter, and the hollow hemlock across the stream ceased to respond.

"It's a good many thousand miles
From here to the south-sea isles,
Where the wild Feejee cooks the missionary,
With a face that is wreathed in smiles;
It was there 'neath the Banyan trees,
With the monkeys and chimpanzees,
That Robinson Crusoe had such a snap,
For he'd only himself to please."

"I've heard the same song many times since. Around the bend of the river came a raft. The owner of the voice was seated on a tomato box, a rude paddle trailing in the water behind. He was dressed in a clerical suit of broadcloth, somewhat the worse for wear, but he sang with the voice of an angel! He was almost by when he espied the wannigan, and still singing, he rose and propelled his unwieldy craft to shore.

"I don't know exactly why I remained quiet. Perhaps out of curiosity to see what he might do.

" 'How beautiful!' I heard him exclaim, as he stepped ashore and pushed the raft into the current again. 'It's a day to make a man poet-mad and stimulate the fagged and slumbering ideals of the soul.'

"I saw him fussing about the wannigan, and I lay watching with half closed eyes.

" 'It's a devil of a fast I've had, upon my soul,' he said, and munching one of the cook's cakes he dipped a tin cup into the river and drank. His thin face was tanned a ruddy hue and seemed half familiar. Having finished his meal, he rolled and proceeded to smoke a cigarette with a debonair carelessness that was fascinating. And all the while his eyes were fastened on the path leading into the woods. Suddenly, with a movement born of practice, he flicked the cigarette butt far into the river and, rising with a musical whistle, stepped ashore.

" 'I'll do it,' I heard him say. 'It will be a little diversion from my usual repertoire.'

"What was he about to do, I wondered, and followed slowly as he moved across the open space.

"Lying about on the grass in a little open glade a score of river-drivers beguiled the afternoon—telling yarns, or playing cards. A few pious ones were apart from the rest. One broad-shouldered man from the Monquat, "Devil" McQuiggan by name, was re-

placing a broken peavey handle, whistling a Methodist hymn. The one-eyed cook and the cookee were washing tin plates and cups and placing them bottom up on a split log.

"The thin, esthetic face of the stranger was calm with a holy and beneficent expression as he took off his hat and stood before the astonished crew of rivermen.

" 'Good day to you, brethren,' he said in a voice lowered to caressing friendliness. "My coming may seem rather strange and miraculous,' he added, 'but strange things happen in these last days of the universe, even as they did when Paul the apostle was cast upon the island of Patmos two thousand years ago.'

"He stopped a moment. No one spoke. McQuiggan dropped the peavey handle and stood abashed. The card players hid as quickly as possible their dirty pasteboards. The pious ones leaned forward. The cook and cookee stopped their simple tasks.

" 'Brethren,' the man went on (his tones were familiar, but I couldn't place him), 'brethren, floating down this beautiful river to-day I was awed by nature's many charms. I was impressed with the glory of God and His handiwork.'

"His hand fumbled at his pocket, and in a moment he had brought forth a small book and was turning the pages rapidly. I joined the men, who were gazing at him with amazed eyes. The stranger began to read the parable of the prodigal son. His voice, tuned to magnetic cadences, was most pleasing to the ear. The simple words sank into more than one rough river-man's heart. 'And as he was a great way off his father saw him and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him.'

"The reader stopped and looked solemnly at his hearers. 'It's a simple story, men,' he said, 'one that has been repeated thousands of times in every land. There are prodigals of all races and of all creeds. There are prodigals from earthly homes and prodigals from heavenly grace. We are all very human, my friends. It is so easy to do wrong; just a little slip, that's all, and we're off the path. Even those having the influence of good Christian parents have strayed from the home roof. Many a mother waits patiently night after night for her boy's return; praying that some one in the cold world may have the kindness to say to him brother, friend. The man with the axe and the peavey needs God the same as he who walks a higher plane of life. And all are brothers, though of different creeds. Creed, my friends, makes no difference. Narrow-minded dogmas lead to the devil. I tell you that all men are equal, with God. I preach the brotherhood of man. Mark my words: the king is no better than his subjects; the judge may be as hardened as the prisoner at the bar. I have travelled in all lands. I have climbed the Alps and gazed on the awful splendor of their oceans of snow-capped peaks. I have walked in the valleys and have felt the quiet and peace of their serene fertility. I have seen the Mussulman and the Buddhist pray to their different gods. I have watched the same sun shine on minaret and mosque that flickered through the mighty dome of St. Paul's. I have lain in the desert and watched the caravans marching across its sanded waste. I have seen man and camel kneeling to Allah as the sun swung above the desert's rim. I have watched the hooded monk at his orisons and the Chinese and Malay pray to their heathen idols. Friends, there were prodigals of all races and forgiving parents to welcome them home. Men, perhaps you have an aged mother anxiously awaiting your return, perhaps a sweetheart hoping to be led to the altar. Instead of spending your wages in the beer shops or on some unworthy one, go, take it home, lay it in the lap of the old woman, or the young wife. Thanks, friends, for listening so patiently. Bless you all.'

"He stopped. Of course, I haven't repeated just word for word what he said, but that's about the gist of it. I saw the tears trickling down the cheek of old man Gibbs. He was a devout Orserite from the Guimac. Young Charley Whalen fell forward on his

face and moaned aloud. Old Scotty tightened the strings of his battered violin.

"'Amen,' cried the Orserite.

"'Amen,' echoed a dozen rough [illegible]

"[illegible] Monquat.

Devil McQuiggan sullenly kicked the peavey handle with a calked boot. Scotty's catgut whined forth a hymn.

"The stranger stood with a dismayed expression on his handsome features. His hand strayed to his pocket, and

BLOWING LITTLE RINGS INTO THE FOREST SCENTED AIR

instinctively I knew he was searching for his tobacco. But he evidently changed his mind as it flashed on him what a sensation a cigarette would create. Try as I might, I could not place the man, but that he was an impostor I well knew.

"The next morning he announced his intention of starting for Van Buren and asked of me a dozen spikes to put together a few logs.

"Old man Gibbs, during the visitor's stay, had hovered around him like a father, and once, drawing him apart, had tried to prevail upon him to stay. But the stranger pleaded urgent duties farther on. But he did stay, as you shall see.

"I accompanied him to the river, and in the eddy below the wannigan I found some spruce and began putting them together. The man made no effort to help, but sat on the bow of the [illegible] me with what I thought a pitying expression at my credulity. I began asking him questions concerning his mission, but he was never lacking an answer, and, nonplussed, I renewed my labor. The men were all around the bend clearing the bar. Suddenly I looked up. The man had rolled a cigarette and was blowing little rings into the forest scented air. His head was on one side, keen enjoyment stamped on his thin features. Like a flash the scene in my office two years before came back to me. I was wroth at my stupidity in not recognizing the globe-trotter before.

"I tell you, boys, I wasn't a moment getting to him. I was mighty angry at his imposture and tempted to fling the rascal into the river.

"'Your reverence, I see, is addicted to one of the little vices,' I remarked.

"The fellow smiled, and taking out his metal box deftly rolled a cigarette. 'Have one?' he asked.

"I took the little thing and smoked it—my first and last—I always prefer my pipe for real enjoyment—and my anger suddenly cooled. He looked so calm and boyish sitting there.

"'May I ask,' said I, 'where you studied theology?'

"The globe-trotter allowed a smile to curve the corners of his thin lips as he studied his cigarette, then, looking at me, said with a half impudent drawl: 'Oh, certainly. I have read in almost every city of size in Europe, Asia and America. In what particular phase are you interested, Mr. Grahme?'

"'The making of pamphlets,' I said shortly.

"He laughed outright.

"'Look here,' I said, 'where did you come from?'

"The globe-trotter raised his eyebrows as though to question my right to catechize him.

"'Why, from Edmundston, to be sure. Have you quite finished my raft, Mr. Grahme?'

"I guess perhaps I sinned to the extent of an oath.

"'You see,' he went on, 'my sermons were rather unorthodox, merely a matter of prejudice, Mr. Grahme. I

assure you. I was thrust ignominously into gaol.'

"'What became of your knickerbockers?' I asked abruptly.

"'Ah,' he laughed, 'that was unfortunate, Mr. Grahme. You see, my trousers were rather the worse for wear and my coat had been torn in an encounter with a disagreeable bovine—bull, I should say—so I gave my garments, together with a two-dollar bill, to the sheriff's wife to mend. Her husband very kindly loaned me these. Before I got mine own again I found it convenient to leave that most hospitable caravanserie — Malawaska leave, you would call it. Your gaols are very easy of escape, Mr. Grahme.'

"'Look here,' said I, 'you're about the biggest faker I ever saw. I've a good mind to send you back to Edmundston.'

"The globe-trotter opened wide his eyes. 'You can't. You have no law, don't you know!' he said impudently.

"'What's your name?' I asked.

"'I have several,' the fellow answered. "You may call me Warwick—Kaley Warwick.'

"'Do you want a job?' I asked suddenly, while he drummed his heels against the side of the wannigan.

"'How much a month?' he asked at last.

"I told him.

"'I might do worse,' sighed the globe-trotter. He had done 'most everything in the way of work from camel driving in the Soudan to sailing a ship along the Labrador coast.

"Well, he stayed with us. It was amusing to watch old man Gibbs' eyes following him about. And a strange comradeship sprang up between the two. More than one night as we lay beneath the tarpaulin I awoke to hear the solemn voice of the Orserite in whispered conversation with the globe-trotter. Gibbs found fault with the 'parson's' theology. Following narrow-minded creeds and dogmas he was not without fierce fanatical perversities; such inventions as the telephone and the telegraph were dupes of the devil to circumvent the natural laws of God. Gibbs was a strange character. He had followed the woods and the drives for forty years with unswerving belief in his Creator, and old rivermen who were young when Gibbs was old tell now how, in moments of devilry, they had tried to shake the faith of the Orserite. He went about his work with methodical calm, his grey beard and snow-white locks in strange incongruity with his calling.

"The next Sunday, after the midday meal—we were camping by Fiddlebrook—the globe-trotter, followed by old man Gibbs, sauntered into the woods. During the week he had proved an apt pupil and in more than one way had endeared himself to the men. An hour later I went in the direction they had taken.

"A few yards from the stream I heard the globe-trotter's voice. 'Confound it!' he said ruefully; 'and I haven't another, don't you know.'

"'It is the Sabbath day. It is the will of God,' returned the solemn voice of the Orserite.

"I approached softly. The globe-trotter was inspecting sadly a broken fish hook. In the sand lay a trout; not one of your little fingerlings, my boys, but a real two-pounder.

"Old man Gibbs rose from a log. 'Parson,' he said, 'has God forsook yu'?'

"'I don't know, Gibbs,' answered Warwick, his melancholy tones in strange contrast to the pitched, cracked voice of the Orserite.

"He dried his hands and began rolling a cigarette.

"'My boy,' said Gibbs sorrowfully, 'when yu' come to our camp a week ago I thought yu' was sent by God. I never heard a sermon like yours. You sure have seen a heap of the world, parson, but you be far wrong. I've heard that them high-flown preacher in the city smoke cigarettes and go to the theatres and take part in other carnal amusements. No—no, parson, yu' ain't so very far wrong. Not far from the glory of God. But yu' shouldn't fish on the Sabbath day, parson; and yu' shouldn't smoke, parson, yu' shouldn't smoke. Hain't yu' got a mother, parson?' His eyes gazed

yearningly into the younger man's.

"'She's dead,' answered the globe-trotter.

"'Let us pray,' murmured old man Gibbs, dropping to his knees on the sand. Slowly, as though drawn by a magnet, the globe-trotter knelt beside him.

"The river murmured on a few yards away. Birds sang and made the air joyous. By the side of the globe-trotter lay the trout he had taken from the water a few minutes previously; its natural tints fast changing in the sun.

"'O great God, hear our prayers,' the old man began. 'We hain't nuthin' but rivermen driving thy timbers to upbuild Thy world. We're only children groping for the light. But we are made in Thy image and has Thy sympathy. Here be a leader of men stepped off'n the right path. O God, there be only one path blazed by Thee; help him to follow it. Lift him up into the shelter of Thy wing. His mother be up there with yu', God; send her image to guide her boy aright. Wrestle with his soul and lead him back to Thy service, for the devil be strong on the one hand and his temptations be many. Forgive me, Thy servant, O God, and bless the old woman at home; for with Thy safe care I'll be there in a week. Amen.'

"He got to his feet, his eyes streaming, his venerable beard on his chest, as he gazed on the still kneeling globe-trotter.

"The young man rose. Half mechanically his hand sought his pocket for his beloved cigarette, but he thought better of it, and stooping, scooped a hole in the sand, laid the fish therein and covered it.

"'Thank you, Gibbs,' he said softly.

"It was the last run of the season and the middle of June. The water was falling fast, the days were warm, languorous with the perfumes from Nature's laboratory. It was beautiful to be in the open. Sometimes, as the wannigan rounded a bend of the river, a surprised deer bounded to shore, or a bull moose surveyed with small, complacent eyes the strange men who each year disturbed its solitude.

"With light-hearted jest and chanteys the rivermen swung their oars or stopped to roll a log into the current. Was it not the last drive? Were they not to be paid off at Grand Falls? Likely the beer shops would get the better half. Some, of course, would carry their savings home to lay in the lap of a wife who had lived three months in dread of some accident to her beloved. One or two, perhaps, would lead a sweetheart to the altar. Some are good and some are bad. Light-hearted they are; quick with an oath or a jest and equally ready to fight on the slightest provocation. Tender-hearted withal—crying at the death of a comrade. Brave as lions, riding a log down the swiftest current or breaking a jam with an oath on the lips and a cry to God with the same breath. Seldom do you find a river-driver two-faced. If he is your friend he will stand by you through thick and thin, but woe betide the man who gains his enmity.

"One night I talked with the globe-trotter and, in a burst of confidence, he spoke to me of other days. He mentioned his family name—a titled one, which I cannot divulge. He spoke of an older brother and his harsh injustice. Of his running away, and how the wander-lust had since ruled him. How in distant Calcutta he heard of his mother's death and received her last message of love. He had joined an expedition to far-away Thibet and almost reached the sacred city. He spoke of some women he had met in his wanderings—some good, some bad—and how one little girl in Normandy had shown him the good in life and the sweetness of love. But she was taken away and he was left to wander again. 'I'm of the gipsy breed, I guess,' he said. 'The only place I haven't been is the Yukon, and I'm saving it for the last.'

"Grand Falls was now but half a mile away and the roar of the cataract was in our ears. There will soon be no Grand Falls. They're tunneling around to sap it of its glory and advance surrounding civilization with unbounded electrical power.

"The horses were in the wannigan

and old man Gibbs stood in the bow working with an oar towards the northern shore. I was in a batteau with a dozen men, and tied to a ring in the bow was a stout warp, which was in turn attached to the wannigan. We all intended landing on a point above the pitch. We were pulling with strong, steady strokes and making good headway, when suddenly an oar snapped and in the momentary confusion the batteau swung round and in some unaccountable manner the warp became unfastened and the wannigan drifted away.

"Devil McQuiggan was beside me, but he was too slow, quick as he was, to stop the leap of the globe-trotter. Before we had recovered our senses he was clambering over the bow of the wannigan and, seizing an oar, was working like a fiend. By this time the falls were less than a hundred yards away, and the current was carrying us on with tremendous force. The wannigan was lumbering on to its destruction.

"I cried to the men to row, and Devil McQuiggan, throwing his useless oar overboard, grasped a sound one from an excited Monquater and bent his gigantic strength to the stroke. Fifty feet away the adventurer stood in the stern of the wannigan. He had ceased his labors and was standing ready, a coiled rope in his hands. By his side the grey-bearded Orserite stood, with anxious eyes up stream. I knew we couldn't reach them.

"'Damn it! We can't do it!' shouted a lank riverman from the Chickadehock.

"'Row, you fool, or by——' McQuiggan cursed. He dropped his oar and pulled an ever-ready gun. 'Down stream!' he roared, to the men who had backed water. And I knew that the globe-trotter had found a spot in his rough heart. Someone, I'll mention no names, let a peavey fall on his head with no gentle hand, and one of the best rivermen in the world fell forward with a low groan. The man from the Chickadehock leaped into his place and, working like mad till the sweat stood in drops, we fought for the shore. The roar of the falls was as the booming of cannon; the spray formed a mist a hundred feet in the air.

"I saw the globe-trotter freeing the horses, but they refused to take the water, and he left them, and, old man Gibbs by his side, climbed to the top of the wannigan. Once the boat swerved toward the northern shore, but was presently sucked back by the current. The horses whinnied and screamed like things human. I hear them yet, sometimes, in my dreams.

"Half feverishly, the globe-trotter's hand sought his tobacco-tin, as it always did in moments of excitement. He found a paper and I saw him deftly roll a cigarette. He applied a match and took a few puffs. Perhaps the action was the outcome of nervousness, perhaps a sardonic defiance of fate; but in a second, I saw him with the old debonair movement I remembered so well, flick the cigarette far ahead of him into the mist and turn to wave a hand to us on shore. His mouth opened, but we heard no words, and he fell on his knees beside old man Gibbs, his thin, esthetic face to the sky.

"In a moment they had entered the mist. The wife of the Orserite would have to wait. The Yukon would never feel the footstep of the globe-trotter. He had gone to explore an uncharted home."

This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eye.

NOVEMBER is a mystic month in Ireland. It is filled with ghostly legend and fairy tale. Ushered in by All Hallows, that night of foreboding and presage when the Christ walks in the shadow of His Cross, and the Phooka is abroad, and people listen tremblingly in their little houses to the hollow voice of the wind in the chimney and feel the fingers of the storm lifting the thatch at the eaves ... November seems to be pervaded by fairy whimsy and the phantasies of solemn ghosts. And yet of all the times of the year, we Irish children loved it best. To sit in the chimney nook—a little stone bench, mostly covered with soot—by the roaring ... of fire, with our best boots in the ... nd listen to old Betty stringing tales against Mick, the miller—(which he always "bothered")—was one of the forbidden delights of my soul. On those days the kitchen was taboo ... ne darling spot of the great ramshackle, dear old house. Only on the night of All Hallows ... the great stone-flagged room permitted ... l parental decree to be the place ... he royaltie ... ndescended to be present ... t fifteen minutes or so to ... Mickeen Joyce, the stable boy, vie with the scions of the house at catching apples with his teeth out of the big tub of water set in the floor middle, or chase thru'penny bits round a circle that had cracks in it. Mickeen left most of the apples for us, but he got all the thru'penny bits and every solid ha'penny that sought seclusion in its depths.

After the ducking came telling fortunes with lead. The lead was melted in a skillet and poured through the key of the "granary" into a basin of clear water. When it settled it took odd shapes, and from these Betty read the "fortunes."

What castles I got! What a Bluebeard in armour riding a great horse and caracoling "round about thryin' to get in an' carry you off, asthoreen, to a joint's castle where maybe he'd ate you up, alanna—the ould divil—bones an' all, for he's not particular.

And to tell you the truth I don't know but what he did get me and perform some incantation on me in his joint's" castle, for it isn't the same little girl "was ever in it" since, on that last Hallowe'en by the ingle, Old Betty saw my fate in the bottom of the blue basin that had a piece knocked out of its rim.

A TENDER LEGEND

But what more beautiful story than that, on All Hallows night, the Christ walks through Ireland, the blessed Isle. It is always a wild night. The winds roar up from the sea and sweep across the land, desolating it. The last leaves are whirled from the bare boughs to which they cling. The thrush and robin and little wrens take to the heart of the thick hedges which stoutly resist the onslaught before which the beeches and larches bow in Benedicite. People are early housed from fair and market, for this is not a night to be abroad. Blessing and curse together lie over the land, for, as the Christ—the Chreestha, as in soft Celtic He is called—walks, He is followed by the Phooka, that goblin accursed who is so small and eerie that he can peer into the hollow tree-bole where the woodpecker makes his winter quarters, and wither the bird in his nest. And he touches the last blackberries so that they fade and fall. Wherever and whoever he touches, a blight rests. And yet this is the night when the woman stands at midnight waiting for the passing of the Lord Christ. And she holds out the sick or dying child, holds it out from under its wrappings in the wind and the rain that He who is all compassion, He who was once a human babe lying in the manger, may bless and heal. And with the splendid eye of faith she sees Him as, between the ragged edges of the hurrying clouds, some moon-ray falls across field and wood; and with the ear of faith she hears the murmured blessing, she feels the hand of the Crucified resting on the withered limbs of her little child, and her heart is consoled by the simple faith that dwells so surely there.

And what of it if the child dies? The staunch faith is there still. "Shure the Blessed Saviour took her to Himself. Didn't I hear Him call the child as He went by on the sough of the wind? And she's betther off with Him nor wid us—but O, Mother Mary—my heart—my heart!"

SHAMROCKS IN VERSE.

MR ARTHUR STRINGER has woven his Irish poems into a vivid wreath of shamrocks. At times

we hear the cry, "Poetry is no longer read." If it be not, then the poorer the reader who does not include poetry in his literary feast. I would not be without this small green book which holds some of the heart of Ireland in it for much. Few things are sadder than the poetry of the Celtic school, and not a few of these verses are sung in minor cadences. We have, too, Paddy in his rollicking, careless mood, and Paddy at his love-making, and the Irish exile with his memories of home, of the little thatched cabin and the green boreen and the girl he left behind him. But best of all is one charmed with the poor hunchback, Caoch O'Lynn, half-human, half-fairy, who lies

"wid crooked leg and twisted spine
As chirpy as a grackle-grouse."

and takes "thrips" to foreign lands and far ports—who knows the secret heart of the haunted Castle where sleeps the golden-haired Princess. Who tells all who care to hear:

"Av Tangier, Fez,
Av Cartagena, Suakim,
And all the flashin', lashin' seas
That iver wait and wave for him."

For Caoch O'Lynn has travelled farther in his dreams and fancies than any traveller who ever fared forth to see far places and sail the foreign seas.

"From Chiny round to Spanish Main
He sings and thravels—in his mind—
A King of dreams who's clean forgot
The crooked back he's left behind."

Whimsical or rollicking, Arthur Stringer has caught the Celtic strain, mystical, wild, sad, or quaintly humourous in the little wreath of shamrocks which glistens with the fresh dews of a May morning on the green rath where the fairies danced overnight.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

WAS it only yesterday that we said "Christmas is coming"? How the months weep along! As we grow older, time hastens. The problem—which ought not to be a vexed one, but is—of present-giving is again before us. The fine spirit of Christmas giving and remembrance for friendship's sake has of late years been sadly lacking, and a hard, sordid commercial spirit has taken its place. Lists are made out, in which the names are not all those of the dear and close friends to whom we wish, for affection's sake, to send some gift at Christmastide. It is "I must give Mrs. So-and-so something. She is sure to send me a present," or "Do you think I need send the B—'s anything this year? They didn't send me a thing last Christmas." There is no Christmas spirit about that. The price of the gift, too, is altogether too greatly weighed and measured. "Any old thing" will "do" for this person (probably some poor relation or acquaintance), while for the wealthy Mrs. A. some rich present is picked out—something, possibly, which will afterward cost you some months of rigid economy before you can get even again financially.

The shops also help to spoil Christmas with their fantastic advertisements and vulgar urging. Santa Claus has been stripped of his misty wrappings and set forth in the noonday in the market-place—a mere trader in toys—a fraud and a grafter; a bagman crying his wares. It was bad enough when, weeks before Christmas, Santy was exploited on the advertising sheets in the newspapers as coming along in his wagon drawn by reindeer, and struggling down the chimney to where the children lie asleep, but when we beheld him a year ago flying overhead in an aeroplane, his bags loaded behind him, we felt that this new-country tradesman was a mere commercial traveller—a vulgar fellow with whom we did not care to do much, if any, business. Then the advertisements themselves. "What to give Father"; "What to give Mother"; "What to give Her"; "What to give Him".

Pish! Throw the dog a bone and have done with it.

If, friend of the heart, there wakes in you some desire at Christmas time to send, for friendship's sake, or the memory of dear comradeship, a trifling gift of book or song or flower or happy wish, thrice welcome that remembrance; but from the forced gift, purchased with a sigh and sent with a grudge—the Lord deliver us!

CLEMENTINA UNGLORIFIED

OF course you have read all the books of the year—The Dop Doctor, The Claw, Queed, The Grain of Dust, The Ne'er Do Well, The Common Law, and the host of others which, like the tail end of the society column, do not count. And of course you read The Glory of Clementina. Now Mr. Locke is always delightful, but I have a crow to pick with Clementina Wing. I do not like her since she became a grand lady. As the artist with the touzled hair and the blunt conversation when we first visited her studio at Chelsea and felt her honest hand grip, she was a human and delightful person, unconventional to a degree that refreshed the heart, honest, direct, humourous, and just touched with enough pathos to bring her close to the soul. We followed her with joy whithersoever she led, and only left her to follow Quixtus, who comes as close to Don Quixote in his ways as in his name. We met Quixtus before under such titles as Simon and Septimus, but Clementina was new to us. We grew to love her in her old clothes and roughly gentle ways, so that it was with difficulty we could recognize her when one day she burst on us in all the glory of Paris clothes and the manners of a duchess. Clementina in silks and satins, in laces and jewels and Empire gowns! Clementina transformed from a dear, untidy, splendid and most human creature into a magnificent lady of fashion, saying and doing the most conventional things, and actually becoming a bit waspish toward that other poor rag of a woman who fancied Quixtus to be in love with her! We almost took Clementina by the shoulders and put her out and closed the door on her, and though we did not proceed to quite such an extreme, we confess to stifling a yawn or two behind our hand as we sat on the edge of a spindle-legged drawing-room chair as frail as the epoch of French history to which it belonged, and watched our good old honest friend making a fine lady of herself.

No, Clementina disappointed us. We tip-toed away when she began to talk a lot of nonsense about love and marriage, and left her in all her glory, for we could imagine her mothering a stray cat, or a lonely orphan, or a pair of young lovers, but never a real, every-day, commonplace baby of her own—and, above all, a baby of Quixtus!

Mr. Locke is always lovable and quaint, and whimsical beyond the telling, but I think his greatest story is not Clementina or Septimus, but a little Christmas story of Three Wise Men which appeared a year or so ago in a magazine.

THE HUNTER'S HORN

THIS is the time when the soul of the hunting man rejoices within

him. Guns are being greased, dogs that lazed away their summer days in little country towns and villages are being looked over and spruced up for the run in the bush and across prairie. The partridges are fattening up, little knowing their fate is upon them. Out in Manitoba men are talking prairie chicken and housewives are thinking out ways to dress that succulent, that most delicious of birds. Young fellows haunt the attic at home, rooting out their "turkeys," overlooking guns, hunting up boots, and begging their mothers for gray blankets, heavy underwear and woollen socks. The deer browse peacefully in the woods where presently shots will ring out and gentle brown eyes will close forever. Presently the trains will be loaded with venison, and at every station coming east you will see a deer or two, and a bunch of "feathered food" slung in a heap, tied by the legs. The lust to kill, always in the veins of men, is warming up. The hunting instinct is awake, and not Love itself may tame it. Three or four or five or six hunters will be shot "in mistake for deer" during the short season. Is an old grudge ever paid off in this way, I wonder? It seems incredible, and yet —are not human passions in us ready to leap out to war or lust or murder or revenge? The old wrong may lie smouldering in a man's breast till opportunity tempts and the desire for revenge breaksa into passionate flame.

Be that as it may, the red woods will soon be alive with men and guns and dogs; and gathered in camps at nights men will tell stories of hunting prowess and lie in their throats as they recount deeds of daring never done save in their own imaginations, and the younger among them, the city lad who is in the bush for the first time in his life, will listen with a heart burning with hot desire "of daring deeds to do," and will stand for hours in the runway as the dawn comes up next morning, only to see the buck flash by, his white flag up—while he stands and trembles in his first access of buck fever.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

A CERTAIN member of Congress has been entertaining the London Daily Mail with metropolitan stories, among others The Tale of a Birthday Party. This was not a Pink Tea nor a Hen Party, but something more rare and novel—a Dog and Duck party. The Dog, whose Birthday it was, was attired in the latest fashion. She wore a narrow gown of chiffon over satin, a creation of exquisite lines, with one of the new shawl trains. Her jewels were a diamond and pearl dog collar, sapphire earrings, and anklets of dull eastern gold. A trained Duck attired in a tunic of gold net held her train as, accompanied by a host of other Dogs and Doggesses she led the way to the luncheon table (very bad form-very). Some human wretch present had the barbarity to produce a handful of corn from his pocket and seduce the Duck with it. She immediately dropped the train and with loud clackings fell upon the grain. The Doggess stepped upon her long tail and tied it and herself into knots. At once Pandemonium reigned. An old Dog in a cutaway morning coat and little check weskit fell upon a dashing young Cur who was leading a curly Doggess in whom he was interested, to lunch. The curly lady, forgetting her hobble skirt, fell sprawling; an old lady Dog lost a $10,000 diamond pawlet in the confusion, and the meeting broke up in disorder.

Meantime the Duck flew away with the diamond pawlet to a quiet resting place in Lake Calumet, and there are not wanting those who say the whole thing is a calumny.

THE LITERARY LADY

MANY people call upon a bookseller who have no desire to buy books but merely want to potter here and there among them. Others call wanting something in the way of reading but not quite sure what, while others adopt a patronizing tone that is not always backed by knowledge.

Curious stories are told of these. A well dressed woman once drove up in a fine carriage to a certain bookseller's

and asked for "Don Quixote, by Charles Dickens." "I beg your pardon, Madam," said the bookseller warily, "did you say Dombey and Son"? "Oh, no! Don Quixote," she emphatically replied. "I have a beautiful copy of a book of that name by Cervantes," he said, showing her the volume. After turning its pages, looking at the binding and generally examining the book, she murmured, "I'm afraid this will not do for me. I want the one by Charles Dickens to complete a set."

And it is not so long ago since I heard a woman ask a bookseller in Toronto for "Charlotte Bronte, by Jane Eyre." I caught his eye, almost to his undoing but he squared up in time. "To be sure," he bustled. "Here it is, Madam. Jane Eyre, and a fine edition it is."

And she never noticed the difference.

WERE YOU PUZZLED?

YOU may be anxious to know who was it first that heard the sound of boots upon the stairs in the Ark. Well, now, read on!

To you who think the matter o'er
A little thought reveals
He heard it first who went before
A pair of soles and 'eels.
Was ever anything more natural?

"I CAME OUT WITH YOU TO-DAY BECAUSE I WANTED TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS"

Marked Copy

By Kathleen K. Bowker

Illustrated by
Frederic M Grant

THERE was a magazine on my table when I came in from the office — a magazine carefully wrapped up and addressed in her writing.

The sight of it warmed me — I had seen none of it since we had said [illegible] two months ago. Two months! It was summer then. To me it seems midwinter now.

I turned up the light and took the wrapper off carefully. It was not a thing to be torn off and thrown in the waste-basket. There was something marked in the magazine—a storiette. I perched on the edge of the table and began to read

"If you don't care for sport," said the man, "why do you bury yourself out here?"

The girl rested her paddle in front of her, and laughed.

"You provide sport for me, when you are here. It's not necessary for me to shoot mallards to amuse myself."

"You prefer to wound men?"

Naturally. A mallard when shot falls into the water, poor pretty bird, and is dead. But a man [illegible] more slowly and is therefore more amusing."

"Infinitely," she agreed, languidly.

He leaned forward with swift intensity.

"Elinor! Do you mean that?"

She laughed, and dipped her paddle, swinging the canoe towards the sunset. They were out on the bosom of the lake, and the hush of twilight was about them. To the left, the mysterious marsh, with its fringe of yellow reeds, like ripe wheat whispered softly to the right the great still water, grey-blue and still, stretched out into the misty dusk. Faintly in the distance came the sound of quacking where the ducks settled for the night. The girl, oblivious to the man's intensity, gazed dreamily out towards the sunset.

"The lake of the great spirit," she murmured softly, and was silent.

Suddenly the quiet was broken by two shots. The girl struck the water with her paddle.

"There! The spell is broken. Let's go home."

"Wait!" The man's voice was harsh. "I've something to say first."

"Well?" She was petulant.

"Elinor, I've waited so long. I've been patient—patient as I could. I've tried [illegible]—"

"Jack!" She broke in sharply. "How can you?"

"Because I must," he said, doggedly. "I want you."

"Well, you have a good deal of me, I think," she answered. "I've spent this whole afternoon with you, I write to you quite often when you are away, and do everything a pal can be expected to do when we're in town together."

"And you expect——" he broke in, impatiently.

"Wait a moment, please. I've listened to you a good many times, and now I'm going to talk a little bit. I can't love you. I've tried and thought and waited; but I really can't. It's not your fault. It's just the way I'm made. But I like you [illegible] much it seems foolish to say how much and then say I don't love you. But I just want to be friends with you. I do indeed, Jack." She lifted her eyes to his face, and something leaped up in him, overmastering him. He leaned forward again.

"Vera!"

Her eyes hardened.

"If you come one inch nearer, I'll upset the canoe," she said. Her voice made him think of a silver stiletto—gleaming — dangerous — pointed — smooth. He moved back, and she changed her tone again.

"Why won't you be reasonable, Jack? Let's be friends. Real honest friends as we were a year ago. It was so pleasant."

"Reasonable!" he cried, bitterly, his lips white. "If you saw a surgeon cut a conscious patient's heart out, bit by bit, do you think he would say, 'Don't groan or struggle, my friend. Be reasonable.' It wouldn't hurt the surgeon, I suppose."

"Do you think that it is nothing to see one's friend suffer," she asked, her voice quivering, "and not be able to lift a finger to help him?"

He held out his hands to her passionately.

"You have the remedy. Without you the pain is intolerable. Without you I can do nothing. With you—everything is possible. Cure me."

"I will." She said it quietly, but something in her voice held him still. She settled herself comfortably among her cushions. "Paddle me home," she said, smiling at him. "I will have you cured and whole by the time we reach the landing."

"By showing [illegible]"

"By showing you myself. You imagine you know me. You're wrong. You think me a nice, true-hearted, high-minded girl with a fine sense of honor. Well, I'm not." She waited for that to sink in, watching him narrowly. He stared at her, uncomprehending. She went on.

"Do you know why I came out with you to-day?"

"No—because you wanted to, I suppose."

"I thought you didn't know. Of course I might have come because I wanted to, or because I thought it would please you, or because I wanted to parade you before the other girls, or for any one of several other reasons any girl might have had. But really I came because I wanted twenty-five dollars."

Again she waited to watch the effect. Again he looked at her, puzzled. Again she went on.

"Of course I might have asked you for the money, but my conventional notions of propriety bar me from asking a man to lend me twenty-five dollars, just because he is in love with me. Besides, I didn't want to borrow it. I wanted to keep it."

"If you are in trouble—" he said, quickly, his honest eyes on hers.

"Thanks, not at all. I only want an extra hat or so when we go back to town. I wouldn't be under an obligation of that sort for worlds. It's so inconvenient, and then my pride wouldn't allow it. But it's a reasonable pride, quite amenable to argument and to my pretty little plan."

She smiled at him again, and the smooth flippant tones of her voice stung him. He said nothing, but held her with his eyes.

"Don't stare so," she said, moving a little uneasily. "It's so rude—and you make me think my hair is coming

down. Did you ever know I wrote?"

"Wrote what?"

"Oh—stories and things. I don't look like a literary genius, do I? And sometimes the ideas don't crowd me as abundantly as I'd like. So I use my friends for copy. Sometimes I don't tell them, because it might embarrass them. But I know you'd like to think that you were helping me."

Still the smile and the little devil's tattoo on the blade of the idle paddle. He dug his paddle deep into the water and sent a trail of silvery bubbles shooting out behind the canoe.

"You don't comprehend my idea? I'll explain. I can make quite a decent storiette out of this afternoon's amusement. Of course I'll add a bit from previous speeches of yours. They were pretty, some of them. Especially the time—don't look like a thunderstorm—when you called me the light of your life. Also when——"

"Nora!" he broke out hoarsely, and a glint of fear flickered for a moment in the girl's eyes at his tone. "Are you mad? Will you drive me wild? What do you mean?"

She laughed again, with pretty bravado.

"Don't interrupt so rudely. You ought to be pleased that I remembered your former remarks. They will make excellent material for a pretty little tale. I shall send you a marked copy."

. . . . . .

Two months ago. I could see Elinor's eyes as she had promised me that marked copy. She had kept her promise. I wonder if beetles are grateful for being subjects of entomological research?

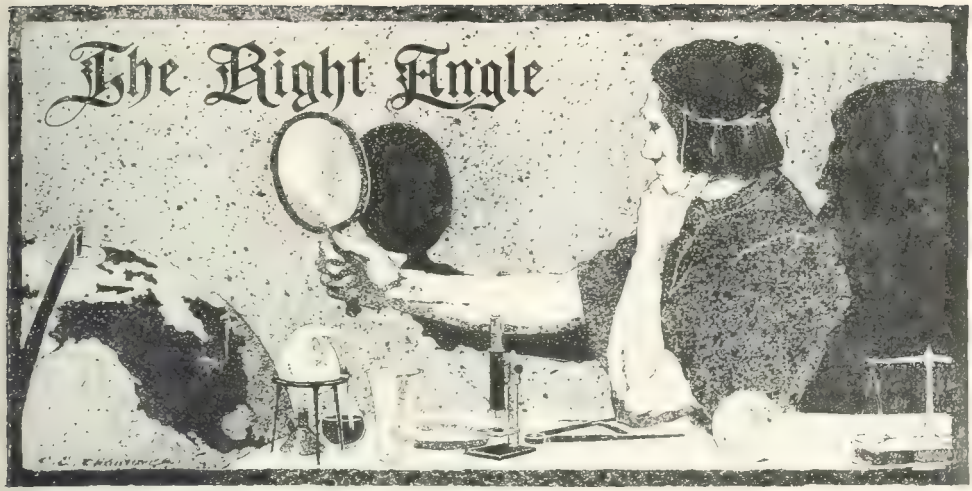
SONG OF FIRST LOVE

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

I did not want to think of love,
I wanted to go free,
Light-foot, light-heart across the grass,
Beneath the hawthorn tree.
But oh, wherever I might go,
His dark eyes followed me.

I did not want to think of him,
But put him quite away.
I felt the cool rain on my face,
The fresh sweet rain of May.
But ah, instead of mist, upon
My lips his kisses lay.

I did not want to think of him,
But everything I heard
Sang "Love! love! love!" the thrush, the finch,
The fluting mocking bird.
And oh, I met him in the lane,
And oh, my bosom stirred!



ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER

THE work-a-day world pays little attention to saints' days any longer, and few people know why these long, hazy, golden days of late autumn are called by the familiar title. Golden and scarlet the leaves drift by, golden and purple-blue the late asters fringe the highway, and the heads of the mountains are veiled with the smoke of distant burnings. It is one of the loveliest times of the year when St. Martin has his belated summer and his feast day.

Why St. Martin should be a patron saint of travellers or have a summer named after him is quite another matter. The good father of Tours stayed at home and told his beads and healed the sick, if all tales be true. But it is pleasant to think him on occasion a jovial travelling companion, ruddy of cheek, long and smooth of stride, and of a discreet conversation. For on a walking trip the man who knows how to keep silent is worth much fine gold; and Stevenson has made us aware of the fitness of the Cevennes for journeyings. It is easy to fancy the good father, his brown cassock girt up for the road, putting mountain miles behind him, or sharing his black bread, cheese and flask of thin Bordeaux with a beggar, or sitting over the big fireplace of some roadside inn, exchanging tales with the landlord and gravely reverenced by Pierre and Jean Baptiste on the other side of the ingle-nook.

After all, St. Martin may well be worth a prayer for good company when you set out on a hard road, with a nip of frost in the air and the bugle of the wild geese going by above your head like the clarions of an army with high hopes. On a morning like this your knapsack weighs light, and your step springs easily, and every stray wayfarer is your friend.

A GOOD NORTH WOODS STORY

WHEN Henry Irving Greene came into view last spring with his first book, "Yozonde of the Wilderness," it was at once recognized that there had arisen a new nature writer of unusual fidelity and insight, though sometimes crude in style. His second book, "Barbara of the Snows," shows a remarkable advance in power, direct narrative, clear writing, and sustained interest. It is seldom any writer goes so far in so short a time.

"Barbara of the Snows" is a compelling mixture of melodrama with shrewd philosophy and delicate sentiment. It is above all vigorous and vivid, a book of the open country, the great forests, and the big, primordial men who slay the trees and fight each other, the elements and the bottle with equal readiness and as a matter of course. The balsamic breath of the pine winds blow through it like a tonic to the soul, and the love story for which it is the vehicle is at once fitly striking and beautiful. It is full of light and

shade as an April day, and the alternations are quite as natural. "Whether a man is drunk or not is largely a matter of personal opinion," is a remark dropped just before a smashing quarrel, a flight from opulence and club life to the crudities of a remote camp, where appears (of course) the wonderful girl: and then the story begins to travel fast, never slacking until the end is reached. It may not be a great book, but it certainly is fine. It stirs the heart. (Moffat, Yard & Company, New York, $1.35).

PLACID RABIES

MARIE CORELLI has contributed about equally to the sum of human knowledge and the gayeties of literature. Either achievement would have been sufficient to justify her presence in the world, but her latest contribution to both has heaped the measure full to overflowing. All thoughtful people benefit by the real beauty of her work, her ideality, her almost supernal glimpses of high truth. All who are blest with a sense of humor delight in her manifestations of ego. Her new book will be found abundantly satisfying to both. It is called "The Life Everlasting. A Reality of Romance." The work itself conveys less that her "Field of Ardath" or "The Sorrows of Satan," but it comes with a prologue in which she completely outdoes herself at her previous best and most delightful. Heretofore Miss Corelli's personal pose has gone no further that a holier-than-thou humility—a sort of superior Father-forgive-them attitude. But this introductory essay exhibits her in the act of benignly tolerating the universe, after having set the Almighty back in His proper place. She states her advanced position as a calm fact, and tells humanity, "I cannot force you to bear me company. God Himself cannot do that." The song of "The Life Everlasting" is a great song. The singer is inflamed, the lurid notes of that fever shoot through the score. To such women the first person singular is the true axis of the heavens. But it is among the great compensations that they cannot obscure the importance and power of the things they are here to do and that, somehow, in spite of everything, get themselves done. (Doran, London—$1.50).

THE DOMINION QUEEN

"THE Masque Imperial at the Festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace, London, this season was a great success," says Miss Agnes Deans Cameron in a letter that came to our desk recently, "and perhaps the most popular feature of the whole Festival. Visiting Canadians felt a thrill of pride when they saw the 'Canada' chariot in that masque, with Lady. Donegall as the Dominion Queen.

"Honored and fortunate were we in having a native Canadian, and one so graceful as Lady Donegall, willing to take this part. It is no light task to attend the Festival day after day to thus personify Canada.

"The Marchioness of Donegall is one of the most beautiful and winning women of London society. The only daughter of the late Henry St. George Twining, of Nova Scotia, she married the fifth Marquess of Donegall in 1904, and survives him. The present Marquess, Edward Arthur Donald St. George Hamilton Chichester, is a lovable and winsome lad, and a god son of Lord Strathcona.

"The Marquess of Donegall had a place in the Abbey at the King's Coronation as a special guest of the King, and with boyish frankness says: 'I really think I had the best seat of all.' The Marquess will take his seat in the House of Lords as Baron Fisherwick. He is also Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh and Governor of Carrickfergus Castle, and although his official residence is Island-magee, Belfast, he lives at present with his mother, grandmother and maternal great-grandmother in London.

"The Marchioness of Donegall has just passed through Canada to the Durbar, where she is to be Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen."

THE MARCHIONESS OF DONEGALL AND HER SON, THE MARQUESS OF DONEGALL, WHO REPRESENTED CANADA AT THE MASQUE IMPERIAL OF THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE

THE BILED SHIRT

THE ORATOR, ALVA ADAMS was the guest of honor at a recent alfalfa banquet in a western city—a banquet wherein appeared alfalfa biscuit, alfalfa stuffed turkey, mashed alfalfa (far better than mashed potatoes), alfalfa-leaf spinach, alfalfa tea and cider, alfalfa salad and alfalfa tooth-picks.

"Alfalfa is delicious," said Mr. Adams at the banquet's end as he drew his napkin across his mouth. "I have eaten and drunk heartily of it. I can only speak of it in terms of the highest praise.

"The people misjudge alfalfa. They misjudge it as the 'biled clothes' story misjudges the civilization of the west.

"According to this libelous story, a Toronto professor visited the west on a geological expedition. In Alberta he put up with a rancher. The first night on the ranch he slept in his clothes like the rest of the boys, out of politeness, but the second night he complained about this.

" 'I can't stand it,' he said to the rancher. 'I don't seem to get my rest. My boots especially incommode me.'

"So the hospitable rancher stretched a cowskin across the shack, and that night the Toronto professor slept in his long, white nightgown by himself.

"At daybreak the night foreman came in while the professor was still lumbering. The foreman cast one glance at the sleeper, then tiptoed forth and said to the rancher:

" 'Rather sudden, wa'n't it?'

" 'What?' the rancher asked.

" 'Why, the death of the old prof.'

" 'He's not dead,' said the rancher, 'he's sleepin'.'

" 'Then what in tarnation is he wearin' them biled clothes for?' snorted the foreman. 'Never saw a chap laid out in biled clothes afore 'ceptin' he was dead.' "

KNEW MORE THAN ALL OF THEM

THE Lawyer—Are you acquainted with any of the men on the jury?

The Witness—Yes, sir; more than half of them.

The Lawyer—Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?

The Witness—Say, if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together.

VERSATILITY

A GROUP of showmen were discussing the effect of the late opening in the theatrical world this fall, and one of them made an observation that it hurt other lines of business, too.

"A friend of mine," he explained, "runs a buffet next to a theatre, and recently he had to let a bartender go. Yesterday he discharged the colored porter, and now he blacks up and does the work himself."

WHY MAN OF TO-DAY IS ONLY 50 PER CENT. EFFICIENT

By WALTER WALGROVE

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American Man because the race is swifter every day; competition is keener, and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now, what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves, or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way —by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an enigne because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself, as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form the illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to fully realize how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste, all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly [illegible] per cent efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and, as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicine which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external, and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on why man of to-day is only 50 per cent. efficient, which he will send without cost to anyone addressing 275 G. College Street, Toronto, Ont., and mentioning that they have read this article in CANADA MONTHLY.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject, he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.